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Henry Brougham Junr.

1767

Ulrich Middeldorf

BROVGHAM

SHENSTONE ESQR

THE WORKS
in
Verse & Prose
of
Wm. SHENSTONE
Esqr.

EDINBURGH
Printed for A. Donaldson 1765.

THE WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

——— *His ego longos*
Cantando puerum memini me condere soles. VIRG.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for ALEXANDER DONALDSON.
MDCCLXV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

OUR author Mr SHENSTONE, was eldeſt ſon of a Shropſhire Gentleman, who lived upon his own eſtate. The father, early diſcovering the ſon's capacity, reſolved to give him a liberal education, and for this purpoſe ſent him to Pembroke college in Oxford, deſigning him for the church.—But though he had the moſt awful conceptions of a ſupreme Being, he could never be prevailed on to enter into orders.

HE was of no particular ſect or opinion, and hated all religious diſputes. Whatever his own ſentiments were, his lenity was great to ſuch as differed from him. Tenderneſs, indeed, in every ſenſe of the word, was his peculiar charac-

teriſtic. His friends, his domeſtics, and poor neighbours, had daily experience of his benevolence. This virtue he often carried to exceſs; but when he found that any of thoſe whom he had ranked amongſt his friends, uſed him ungenteelly, he was hardly reconcileable. His maxim, on ſuch occaſions, deſerves particular notice: "I never will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be *half* a friend." Although quite unſuſpicious in his temper; yet if his ſuſpicion was once roufed, it was not eaſily laid aſleep.

His generous temper would not permit him to regard the proper uſe of money. This made him exceed the yearly income of his paternal eſtate, which was about three hundred pounds. But when one recollects the paradiſe he raiſed around him, his hoſpitality, and indulgence

gence to his ſervants, and charities to the indigent, there is more reaſon to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of œconomy. However, as much remained as was ſufficient to pay his whole debts, for which he appropriated his eſtate by his will.

THOUGH ſome have imagined that his narrow circumſtances prevented him from marrying, yet he had a high opinion of many among the fair ſex, and diſcovered no averſion to wedlock. Love-affairs in his youth with much difficulty he ſurmounted. It was this gave occaſion to that ſweet paſtoral, in four parts, which has always been univerſally admired, and might, one would think, ſubdue the moſt obdurate heart.

HIS character, as a writer, may be diſtinguiſhed by an elegant ſimplicity,

and a correct genius. His greateſt difficulty, in all his compoſitions, was, to pleaſe himſelf. Mr Shenſtone's talents were not wholly confined to poetry. His proſe works give the beſt diſplay of his judgment and penetration, his great knowledge of the human heart, and his ſuperiour underſtanding.—Some things are left unfiniſhed, others as ſingle thoughts; but even theſe, like the ſparks of diamonds, ſhew the richneſs of the mine to which they belong.—Our Author's character being ſufficiently eſtabliſhed, any attempt to recommend his writings would be ſuperfluous.

CON-

CONTENTS.

ELEGIES on several occasions.

Page

A Prefatory essay on elegy - - 3

ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity. To a friend - - - 13

ELEGY II.

On posthumous reputation. To a friend 15

ELEGY III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance - - - - 17

ELEGY IV.

Ophelia's urn. To Mr G—— - 20

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship. To Melissa his friend 22

ELEGY VI.

To a lady on the language of birds - 24

ELEGY VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance 26

ELE-

Page

ELEGY VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences. To Mr G—— 1745 - 30

ELEGY IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend 33

ELEGY X.

To fortune, suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations - - - 35

ELEGY XI.

He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over. To Mr J—— - - 38

ELEGY XII.

His recantation - - - 41

ELEGY XIII.

To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him - - - 42

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own. To Lord Temple - - - 44

ELEGY XV.

In memory of a private family in Worcestershire 47

ELEGY XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation - - 51

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the suggestions of spleen: an elegy to the winds - - - - - 55

ELE-

Page

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the song of Colin, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory - - - - - 59

ELEGY XIX.

Written in spring 1743 - - - - 63

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the distress of others; and his subjection to Delia, with the miserable servitude of an African slave - 66

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the characters of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury. 1746 - - 69

ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year —— when the rights of sepulture were so frequently violated 73

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation - 77

ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occasion from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life - - - - - - 81

ELEGY XXV.

To Delia, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune - - - - - 85

ELEGY XXVI.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour 87

ODES,

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

Rural elegance: an ode to the late Ducheſs of Somerſet. Written in 1750 - - 92
Ode to memory. 1748 - - - 103
The Princeſs Eliſabeth: a ballad alluding to a ſtory recorded of her, when ſhe was priſoner at Woodſtock, 1554 - - - - 105
Ode to a young lady, ſomewhat too ſolicitous about her manner of expreſſion - - 108
Nancy of the vale. A ballad - - 109
Ode to indolence. 1750 - - 112
Ode to health. 1730 - - 114
To a lady of quality, fitting up her library. 1738 - - - - 117
Upon a viſit to the ſame in winter. 1748 119
An irregular ode after ſickneſs. 1749 - 121
Written in a flower-book of my own colouring, deſigned for Lady Plymouth. 1753-4 126
Anacreontic. 1738 - - - - 127
Ode. Written in 1739 - - - 129
The dying kid - - - 131
Songs, written chiefly between the year 1737 *and* 1742 - - - 133.—150
The halcyon - - - 151
Ode - - - - - 152
A paſtoral ode, to the Honourable Sir Richard Lyttelton - - - - 154
Verſes written towards the cloſe of the year 1748, *to William Lyttelton, Eſq:* - - 160

Jemmy

Page

Jemmy Dawſon, a ballad; written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745 164

A paſtoral ballad, in four parts. Written in 1743 - - 168

LEVITIES, OR PIECES OF HUMOUR.

Flirt and Phil; a deciſion for the ladies 177

Stanzas to the memory of an agreeable lady, buried in marriage to a perſon undeſerving her 178

Colemira. A culinary eclogue - 179

The rape of the trap. A ballad. 1737 183

On certain paſtorals - - - 186

On Mr C—— of Kidderminſter's poetry 186

To the virtuoſos - - - 187

The extent of cookery - - 189

The progreſs of advice. A common caſe 190

A ballad - - - - 191

Slender's ghoſt - - - 192

The invidious - - - - 193

The price of an equipage - - 194

Hint from Voiture - - - 195

Inſcription - - - - 196

To a friend - - - - - 197

A ſolemn meditation - - - 200

The poet and the dun. 1741 - - 201

Written at an inn at Henley - - 203

A ſimile - - - - 204

The charms of precedence. A tale - 205

Ode - - - - - 212

Epilogue to the tragedy of Cleone - 213

MORAL

MORAL PIECES.

	Page
The judgment of Hercules - -	215
The progress of taste; or, The fate of delicacy	233
Oeconomy, A rhapsody, addressed to young poets - - - - -	248
The ruin'd abbey; or, The effects of superstition	276
Love and honour - - - - - -	289
The school-mistress - - - - -	300

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON

Many different OCCASIONS.

Tantum inter denſas umbroſa cacumina fagos
Aſſidue veniebat; ibi haec incondita, ſolus,
Montibus et ſilvis ſtudio jactabat inani! VIRG.

A

PREFATORY ESSAY

ON

ELEGY.

IT *is observable, that discourses* prefixed *to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised in the* first place, *and the measures by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjusted.*

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of elegiac *poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles, to dignify his own* opinions *with that* denomination. *He would only intimate the great variety of* subjects, *and the different* * styles *in which the writers of elegy* have *hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of* their *example.*

If we consider the etymology of the † word, *the epithet which* ‡ HORACE *gives it, or the confession*

* This essay was written near twenty years ago.

† ε-λεγειν, ε-particulam dolendi.

‡ Miserabiles elegos.

which * OVID *makes concerning it, I think we may* conclude *thus much however, that* elegy, *in its true and genuine acceptation,* includes *a tender and querulous idea; that it looks upon* this *as its peculiar characteriſtic, and, ſo long as* this *is thoroughly ſuſtained, admits of a variety of ſubjects, which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy* ſtole *over pretty different objects, which, like the dreſſes at a funeral proceſſion, gives them all a kind of ſolemn and uniform appearance,*

It is probable that elegies were written at firſt *upon the death of* intimate friends *and* near relations; celebrated beauties, *or* favourite miſtreſſes; beneficent governors *and* illuſtrious men: *one may add perhaps, of all thoſe who are placed by* VIRGIL *in the laurel-grove of his Elyſium, (Vide* HURDE's *Diſſertation on* HORACE's *Epiſtle),*

Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.

After theſe ſubjects were ſufficiently exhauſted, and the ſeverity of fate diſplayed in the moſt affecting inſtances, the poets ſought occaſion to vary their complaints; and the next tender ſpecies of ſorrow that preſented itſelf, was the grief of abſent *or* neglected *lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with* this *they were not contented. They had obtained a ſmall corner in the province of love, and they took advantage from thence to over-run the whole territory. They ſung*

* Heu nimis ex *vero* nunc tibi nomen erit.
OVID. de morte Tibulli.

its

its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, *as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of* elegy *to their pleasantries as well as lamentations, till at last, through their abundant fondness for the* myrtle, *they forgot that the* cypress *was* their *peculiar garland.*

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, *than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.*

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem *perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the* use *and* end *of elegy. The most important end of* all *poetry is to encourage virtue.* Epic *and* tragedy *chiefly recommend the* public *virtues;* elegy *is of a species which illustrates and endears the* private. *There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in* melancholy *which we could not find in* mirth; *and has led us with success to the dusty* urn, *when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that in a way distinct*

* Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan. OVID.

from paſtoral, *as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to ſurpaſs his tenant both in* dignity *and* underſtanding. *It ſhould alſo tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of* humility, diſintereſtedneſs, ſimplicity, *and* innocence: *but then there is a* degree *of elegance and refinement no way inconſiſtent with theſe* rural *virtues; and that raiſes* elegy *above that* merum rus, *that* unpoliſhed *ruſticity, which has given our* paſtoral *writers their higheſt reputation.*

Wealth and ſplendour will never want their proper weight: the danger is, leſt they ſhould too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other ſcale, that magnifies the ſweets of liberty and independence, that endears *the honeſt* delights *of love and friendſhip, that* celebrates *the* glory *of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amuſement of letters, and inſenſibly prepares the mind for that humanity it* inculcates, ſuch *a kind of poetry may chance to pleaſe; and if it pleaſe, ſhould ſeem to be of ſervice.*

As to the ſtyle *of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It ſhould imitate the voice and language of grief; or if a metaphor of dreſs be more agreeable, it ſhould be ſimple and diffuſe, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A verſification therefore is deſirable, which, by indulging a free and unconſtrained expreſſion, may admit of that ſimplicity which elegy requires.*

Heroic

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, ſeems well enough adapted to this ſpecies of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occaſions, its inconveniencies appear to loſe their weight in ſhorter *elegies; and its advantages ſeem to* acquire *an* additional *importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies* * not long *ſince* publiſhed; *the product of a gentleman of the moſt exact taſte, and whoſe untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can ſhed.*

It is not impoſſible that ſome may think this metre too lax and proſaic: others, that even a more diſſolute variety of numbers may have ſuperiour advantages. And, in favour of theſe laſt, might be produced the example of MILTON *in his* LYCIDAS, *together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his verſification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, muſt prove* too much; *ſince the writers I have in view ſeem capable enough of recommending any metre they ſhall chuſe; though it muſt be owned alſo, that the choice* they *make of any, is at the ſame time the ſtrongeſt preſumption in its favour.*

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromiſe *the diſpute. There is no one kind of metre that is diſtinguiſhed by rhymes, but is liable to ſome objection or other. Heroic verſe, where every ſecond line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the* ſenſe *ſhould in ſome*

* N. B. This preface was written near twenty years ago.

meaſure

measure also terminate), is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much ease *into a couplet as Mr* POPE. *But as an air of* constraint *too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of* elegy.

The previous *rhyme in* MILTON'S LYCIDAS *is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this seems to be the greatest objection to* that *kind of versification. But then the peculiar* ease *and* variety *it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of* length.

The chief exception to which stanza *of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too* regularly, *when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr* WALLER'S *excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it* is, *I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme (with which stanza is, I think, connected), may, at least in* shorter *elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.*

I ſhall ſay but little of the different kinds *of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occaſions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is ſoftened to an* exceſs. *Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and deſign, and, being addreſſed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderneſs and perſpicuity. Elegies that are formed upon promiſcuous incidents, and addreſſed to the world in general, inculcate ſome ſort of moral, and admit a different degree of reaſoning, thought, and order.*

The author of the following elegies entered on his ſubjects occaſionally, *as particular incidents in life* ſuggeſted, *or diſpoſitions of mind* recommended *them to his choice. If he deſcribes a rural landſcape, or unfolds the train of ſentiments it inſpired, he fairly drew his picture from the ſpot, and felt very ſenſibly the affection he commu..icates. If he ſpeaks of his humble ſhed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the ſcene; who having (whether through choice or neceſſity, is not material) retired betimes to country-ſolitudes, and ſought his happineſs in rural employments, has a right to conſider himſelf as a real ſhepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottoes, are* his own, *and the embelliſhment of his* farm *his ſole amuſement. As the ſentiments therefore were inſpired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance; diffuſing at leaſt ſome* part *of that amuſement, which he freely*

acknowledges

acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconsistency in the moral tenour of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that mens opinions as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire *ignorance, or to the* least *disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient* plan *and* method *in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find; with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the* metre *also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated*

bituated of late to a quicker meaſure, may perhaps conſider this *as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually loſe its force, if this meaſure ſhould be allowed to ſuit the nature of elegy.*

If it ſhould happen to be conſidered as an objection with others, *that there is too much of a moral caſt diffuſed through the whole; it is replied, that he* endeavoured *to animate the poetry ſo far as not to render this objection too obvious, or to* riſk excluding *the faſhionable reader; at the ſame time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the* bloſſom *of a* fruit-tree. *Poetry is indeed like that ſpecies of plants which may bear at once both fruits and bloſſoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the* former, *however it may be embelliſhed by the flowers which ſurround it.*

ELEGY

ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occaſion to expatiate in praiſe of ſimplicity. To a friend.

FOR rural virtues, and for native ſkies,
I bade AUGUSTA's venal ſons farewell;
Now, mid the trees, I ſee my ſmoke ariſe,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius which ſecures my reſt,
Preſerve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the ſordid breaſt!
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unſincere!

Far from theſe paths, ye faithleſs friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hoſtile name!
Hence! the faint verſe that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd ſtrains the price of fame!

O lov'd ſimplicity! be thine the prize!
Aſſiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltleſs of diſguiſe,
Contemns the pow'r, the dull reſource to feign!

Still may the mourner, laviſh of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my ſcorn!
Still may the bard diſſembling doubts and fears,
For praiſe, for flatt'ry ſighing, ſigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-ſick HAMMOND flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could AONIA's hill diſcloſe
So fair a fountain, or ſo lov'd a ſtream.

Ye loveleſs bards! intent with artful pains
To form a ſigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
Survey CAMILLA's charms, and grow ſincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful ſoul
Love's gentle tyrant ſeats his awful throne,
Write from thy boſom—let not art controul
The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleaſing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen deſign'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and ſhape, and face!
"Such the ſoft image of our youthful mind!"

Soft whilſt we ſleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
The loves and graces ſteal unſeen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
We wake to wint'ry ſcenes of chill decay!

Curſe the ſad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praiſe the ſoft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud ſcorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with OENONE thou haſt worn the day,
Near fount or ſtream, in meditation rove;
If in the grove OENONE lov'd to ſtray,
The faithful muſe ſhall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

On posthumous reputation. To a friend.

O GRIEF of griefs! that envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise!
O foolish muses! that with zeal aspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays!

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame?
Or hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps ev'n Genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Ev'n LYTTELTON but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces HAMMOND's mournful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
Tho' near his tomb Sabæan odours burn,
The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies?

No, should his DELIA votive wreaths prepare,
DELIA might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of DELIA's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can every sense of present joys excel:
For this, great HADRIAN chose laborious days;
Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raiſe,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to ſpread the ſacred baſe,
To plan a work thro' lateſt ages fair!

Is it ſmall tranſport, as with curious eye
You trace the ſtory of each Atttic ſage,
To think your blooming praiſe ſhall time defy?
Shall waft like odours thro' the pleaſing page?

To mark the day when, thro' the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying ſtyle refines?
And readers call their loſt attention home,
Led by that index where true genius ſhines?

Ah let not BRITONS doubt their ſocial aim,
Whoſe ardent boſoms catch this ancient fire!
Cold intereſt melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours but with life expire!

ELEGY

ELEGY III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.

IF proud PYGMALION quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the ſcanty tear ſupplies;
Whilſt heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puiſſant lies.

When humbler ALCON leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume diſtinguiſh ALCON's bier;
The faithful muſe with votive ſong attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the ſly penurious art,
That odious art which fortune's fav'rites know;
Form'd to beſtow, he felt the warmeſt heart,
But envious fate forbade him to beſtow.

He little knew to ward the ſecret wound;
He little knew that mortals could enſnare;
Virtue he knew; the nobleſt joy he found,
To ſing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he ſkill'd to guide his wand'ring ſheep,
And unforeſeen diſaſter thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loſs the ſwain would weep,
And for his friend his very crook were ſold.

Ye ſons of wealth! protect the muſe's traîn;
From winds protect them, and with food ſupply;
Ah! helpleſs they to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wint'ry ſky!

He lov'd a nymph: amidſt his ſlender ſtore
He dar'd to love, and CYNTHIA was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky ſhore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding ſtream.

His nymph was fair; the ſweeteſt bud that blows
Revives leſs lovely from the recent ſhow'r;
So PHILOMEL enamour'd eyes the roſe;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the ſweeteſt flow'r!

He lov'd the muſe; ſhe taught him to complain;
He ſaw his tim'rous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the muſe, although ſhe taught in vain;
He lov'd the muſe, for ſhe was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of Vice's brothel, forth to Virtue's fane.

He wiſh'd for wealth, for much he wiſh'd to give;
He griev'd that Virtue might not wealth obtain;
Piteous of woes, and hopeleſs to relieve,
The penſive proſpect ſadden'd all his ſtrain.

I ſaw him faint! I ſaw him ſink to reſt!
Like one ordain'd to ſwell the vulgar throng;
As tho' the virtues had not warm'd his breaſt,
As tho' the muſes not inſpir'd his tongue.

I ſaw his bier ignobly croſs the plain;
Saw peaſant hands the pious rite ſupply:
The generous ruſtics mourn'd the friendly ſwain,
But pow'r and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such ALCON fell; in meagre want forlorn!
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons, where?
Would ye the purple ſhould your limbs adorn,
Go waſh the conſcious blemiſh with a tear.

ELEGY

ELEGY IV.

OPHELIA's *urn. To Mr* G——.

THRO' the dim veil of ev'ning's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!
What shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimm'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dews empearl the lawn,
Shall STREPHON's tear bedew OPHELIA's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the relics of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soft OPHELIA's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendent at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of OPHELIA's shade;
"Why has such worth without distinction dy'd,
"Why like the desert's lily bloom'd to fade?"

Then

Then young Simplicity, averſe to feign,
Shall unmoleſted breathe her ſofteſt ſigh:
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull freſh flow'rets for OPHELIA's tomb!
And Beauty chide the fate's ſevere command,
That ſhew'd the frailty of ſo fair a bloom!

And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd wo,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taſte explain:
For mournful ſable all her hues forego,
And aſk ſweet ſolace of the muſe in vain!

Ah! gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
Too much the ſacred nine their loſs deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your beſt, your brighteſt fav'rite is no more.

ELEGY

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendſhip. To MELISSA *his friend.*

FROM Love, from angry Love's inclement reign
I paſs a while to Friendſhip's equal ſkies;
Thou, gen'rous maid, reliev'ſt my partial pain,
And cheer'ſt the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, MELISSA, thou deſerv'ſt my care:
How can my will and reaſon diſagree?
How can my paſſion live beneath deſpair?
How can my boſom ſigh for aught but thee?

Ah dear MELISSA! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My ſoul has yet ſurviv'd its drearieſt time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of love!
Love is a pleaſing, but a various clime!

So ſmiles immortal MARO's fav'rite ſhore,
PARTHENOPE, with ev'ry verdure crown'd!
When ſtrait VESUVIO's horrid caldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blaſts the regions round.

Oh bliſsful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When MARO to theſe fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurs'd domains!
When PLINY 'mid ſulphureous clouds expir'd!

So

So ſmiles the ſurface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
When ſoon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And ſky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave,
Ev'n hope ſubſide amid the billows toſt;
Hope, ſtill emergent, ſtill contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted ſmile is loſt.

ELEGY

ELEGY VI.

To a lady on the language of birds.

COME then, DIONE, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore;
Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree:
Ah! who that hears DIONE's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my muse! that lov'st the silvan shade,
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel;
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,
No solemn dervise can explain so well.——

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sat,
The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
When PHILOMEL address'd his mournful mate,
And thus I construe'd the mellifluent strain.

" Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear;
Sing on, my bird—'tis DAMON hears thy song;
Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.

He the sad source of our complaining knows;
A foe to TEREUS, and to lawless love!
He mourns the story of our ancient woes;
Ah! cou'd our music his complaints remove!

Yon plains are govern'd by a peerleſs maid;
And ſee, pale CYNTHIA mounts the vaulted ſky,
A train of lovers court the chequer'd ſhade;
Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Ere while no ſhepherd to theſe woods retir'd;
No lover bleſs'd the glow-worm's pallid ray;
But ill-ſtar'd birds that liſt'ning not admir'd,
Or liſt'ning envy'd our ſuperiour lay.

Cheer'd by the ſun, the vaſſals of his pow'r,
Let ſuch by day unite their jarring ſtrains!
But let us chuſe the calm, the ſilent hour,
Nor want fit audience while DIONE reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He deſcribes his viſion to an acquaintance.

Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. VIRG.

ON diſtant heaths, beneath autumnal ſkies,
Penſive I ſaw the circling ſhades deſcend;
Weary and faint I heard the ſtorm ariſe,
While the ſun vaniſh'd like a faithleſs friend.

No kind companion led my ſteps aright,
No friendly planet lent its glimm'ring ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful ſlumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had giv'n a pleaſing ſound;
The village-cur 'twere tranſport then to hear;
In dreadful ſilence all was huſh'd around,
While the rude ſtorm alone diſtreſs'd mine ear.

As led by ORWELL's winding banks I ſtray'd,
Where tow'ring WOLSEY breath'd his native air,
A ſudden luſtre chas'd the flitting ſhade,
The ſounding winds were huſh'd, and all was fair.

Inſtant a graceful form appear'd confeſt;
White were his locks, with awful ſcarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian ſeem'd his veſt,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

" Stranger,"

" Stranger," he ſaid, " amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, loneſome, whither wou'dſt thou ſtray?
Does wealth or pow'r thy weary ſtep conſtrain?
Reveal thy wiſh, and let me point the way.

For know, I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r;
Felt ev'ry joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r,
To ſtand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour ſhare;
Nor meanly roſe to bleſs myſelf alone:
I ſnatch'd the ſhepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholeſome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the ſuppliant peer I ſaw;
I ſaw proud empires my deciſion wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My ſmile was tranſport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! ſaid I, nor pow'r I ſeek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame theſe toils endure;
A ſimple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whoſe abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend;
Yet for his ſake I leave my diſtant home,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I ſcorn the wint'ry wind;
The ſpring, to ſhade me, robes her faireſt tree;
And if a friend my graſs-grown threſhold find,
O how my lonely cot reſounds with glee!

Yet tho' averſe to gold in heaps amaſt,
I wiſh to bliſs, I languiſh to beſtow;
And tho' no friend to Fame's obſtrep'rous blaſt,
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with ſervile tone to deign addreſs,
Too mean to think that honours are my due;
Yet ſhould ſome patron yield my ſtores to bleſs,
I ſure ſhould deem my boundleſs thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that like a meteor's fire
Shott'ſt blazing forth, diſdaining dull degrees,
Shou'd I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r aſpire,
Muſt I not paſs more rugged paths than theſe?

Muſt I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praiſe him I ſcorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious envy bar the road?
Or Falſehood's treach'rous foot beſet the way?

Say, ſhou'd I paſs through Favour's crouded gate,
Muſt not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilſt I approach the glitt'ring ſcenes of ſtate,
My beſt companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the ſhades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid ſway of Fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
To ſpurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unſhaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend?

Oh!

Oh! if these ills the price of pow'r advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

*He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences. To Mr G———. * 1745.*

AH me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in ev'ning-circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet;
Ah fool! to credit what I heard them say!

Ill-fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

Nor cou'd my G——— mistake the critic's laws,
Till pious Friendship mark'd the pleasing way.
Welcome such errour! ever bless'd the cause!
Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues astray!

Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
On list'ning CHERWELL's osier banks reclin'd?
While foe to fortune, unseduc'd by fame,
I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

* N. B. Written after the death of Mr POPE.

Youth's

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love, were met;
What tho' in ALMA's guardian arms I play'd?
How ſhall the muſe thoſe vacant hours forget?
Or deem that bliſs by ſolid cares repaid?

Thou know'ſt how tranſport thrills the tender breaſt,
Where love and fancy fix their op'ning reign;
How nature ſhines in livelier colours dreſt,
To bleſs their union, and to grace their train.

So firſt when PHOEBUS met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their paſſion crown'd,
Unuſual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green,
And ſwift ſpontaneous roſes bluſh'd around.

Now ſadly lorn, from TWITNAM's widow'd bow'r,
The drooping muſes take their caſual way;
And where they ſtop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay!

Where is the dappled pink, the ſprightly roſe?
The cowſlip's golden cup no more I ſee:
Dark and diſcolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul!
Huſh'd be my grief ere ev'ry ſmile be fled,
Ere the deep ſwelling ſigh ſubvert the ſoul!

If near ſome trophy ſpring a ſtripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage riſe;
But ſoon too deep it works its baneful way,
And low on earth the proſtrate * ruin lies.

* Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they deſtroy the foundation.

ELEGY

ELEGY IX.

He deſcribes his diſintereſtedneſs to a friend.

I NE'ER muſt tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
The pomp of India muſt I ne'er diſplay;
Nor boaſt the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor with Italian ſounds deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my cryſtal bev'rage flows;
My grateful ſheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damaſk roſe,
And from my grove I hear the throſtle ſing.

My fellow-ſwains! avert your dazzled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glitt'ring ſpoils they rove;
The fates ne'er meant them for the ſhepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompenſe in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils, but toils your ſinews brace;
They gave you nymphs that own their amorous pains,
And ſhades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! poliſh'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To ſing ſoft carols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grotts and echoing vales aſſign'd!

Wou'dſt thou, my Strephon, Love's delighted ſlave!
Tho' ſure the wreaths of chivalry to ſhare,
Forego the ribbon thy MATILDA gave,
And giving bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy,
If to my mind my DELIA's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts ſincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant ſtamp of kings.

O my ſoul weeps, my breaſt with anguiſh bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant power of gain!
Diſdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I riſe ſuperiour, and the rich diſdain.

Oft from the ſtream, ſlow-wand'ring down the glade,
Penſive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miſer weds," I cry, "the captive maid,
And ſome fond lover ſickens at the ſound."

Not SOMERVILLE, the muſe's friend of old,
Tho' now exalted to yon ambient ſky,
So ſhunn'd a ſoul diſtain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breaſt, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendſhips, ev'n his ſelf, reſigns;
Perverts the ſacred inſtinct of his ſoul,
And to a ducat's dirty ſphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taſte, with ſcience bleſt,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Reſtore thy dear idea to my breaſt,
The rich depoſit ſhall the ſhrine ſecure.

Let others toil to gain the ſordid ore,
The charms of independence let us ſing;
Bleſs'd with thy friendſhip, can I wiſh for more?
I'll ſpurn the boaſted wealth of * LYDIA's king.

* Cræſus.

ELEGY

ELEGY X.

To Fortune, ſuggeſting his motive for repining at her diſpenſations.

ASK not the cauſe why this rebellious tongue
Loads with freſh curſes thy deteſted ſway;
Aſk not, thus branded in my ſofteſt ſong,
Why ſtands the flatter'd name which all obey?

'Tis not that in my ſhade I lurk forlorn,
Nor ſee my roof on Parian columns riſe;
That on this breaſt no mimic ſtar is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than thoſe that light the ſkies.

'Tis not that, on the turf ſupinely laid,
I ſing or pipe but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious in the loneſome ſhade,
My finger ſtiffens, and my voice decays.

Not that my fancy mourns thy ſtern command,
When many an embryo dome is loſt in air;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear.

"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
"Nor let yon riſing column more aſpire;
"Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold
"Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

"HONORIO built, but dar'd my laws defy;
"He planted, ſcornful of my ſage commands;
"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye,
"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the ſmall ſtream that pours its murm'ring tide
O'erſome rough rock that wou'd its wealth diſplay,
Diſplays it aught but penury and pride?
Ah! conſtrue wiſely what ſuch murmurs ſay.

How would ſome flood, with ampler treaſures bleſt,
Diſdainful view the ſcantling drops diſtil!
How muſt * VELINO ſhake his reedy creſt!
How ev'ry cygnet mock the boaſtive rill!

Fortune, I yield! and ſee, I give the ſign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
Collects the ſquare, the level, and the line,
And with retorted eye forſakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the ſhadeleſs plains;
Can unrepining leave the riſing wall;
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
And my warm hopes in full purſuit recall.

Deſcend, ye ſtorms! deſtroy my riſing pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwinds unremitting ſway;
Contented I, although the gazer ſmile
To ſee it ſcarce ſurvive a winter's day.

Let ſome dull dotard baſk in thy gay ſhrine,
As in the ſun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltleſs of envy, why ſhou'd I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's preferr'd?

* A river in ITALY, that falls an hundred yards perpendicular.

Let

Let him exult, with boundleſs wealth ſupply'd,
Mine and the ſwain's reluctant homage ſhare;
But ah! his tawdry ſhepherdeſs's pride,
Gods! muſt my DELIA, muſt my DELIA bear?

Muſt DELIA's ſoftneſs, elegance, and eaſe,
Submit to MARIAN's dreſs? to MARIAN's gold?
Muſt MARIAN's robe from diſtant INDIA pleaſe?
The ſimple fleece my DELIA's limbs infold?

"Yet ſure on DELIA ſeems the ruſſet fair;
"Ye glitt'ring daughters of diſguiſe, adieu!"
So talk the wife, who judge of ſhape and air;
But will the rural thane decide ſo true?

Ah! what is native worth eſteem'd of clowns?
'Tis thy falſe glare, O Fortune! thine they ſee:
'Tis for my DELIA's ſake I dread thy frowns,
And my laſt gaſp ſhall curſes breathe on thee.

ELEGY XI.

He complains how ſoon the pleaſing novelty of life is over. To Mr J———.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not laſt!
This fairy-ſcene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
The charm diſſolves; th' aereal muſic's paſt;
The banquet ceaſes, and the viſion flies.

Where are the ſplendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the ſpacious dome?
Vaniſh'd the coſtly pearls, the crimſon plumes,
And we, delightleſs, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the ſage's wiſdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our ſteps aſtray?
Ere reaſon learns by ſtudy'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd paſſions, ſelf-ſubdu'd, obey.

Scarce has the ſun ſev'n annual courſes roll'd,
Scarce ſhewn the whole that fortune can ſupply;
Since not the miſer ſo careſs'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to ſigh.

On the world's ſtage I wiſh'd ſome ſprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace;
'Twas life, 'twas taſte, and—oh my fooliſh heart!
Subſtantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and place.

And

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living ſtone:
" Tho' gold, tho' ſplendour, heaven and fate deny,
Yet might I call one Titian ſtroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whoſe lovely ſpoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, conſum'd the midnight-oil—
But ſoon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native ſcenes, my rural home;
To ſee my trees expreſs their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raiſe my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear deluſion's o'er!
A ſtagnant breezeleſs air becalms my ſoul;
A fond aſpiring candidate no more,
I ſcorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting ſtage, profuſely bleſs'd!
Bliſs ev'n obtruſive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health careſs'd;
Careleſs of favour, yet ſecure to find.

Then glows the breaſt, as op'ning roſes fair;
More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing;
Honeſt as light, tranſparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to ſubtle age aſſign'd,
Not ſcience ſhall extort that dear delight,
Which gay deluſion gave the tender mind.

Adieu ſoft raptures! tranſports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with deſpair,
Why, why ſo ſoon her fleeting ſteps purſue!

Tedious again to curſe the drizling day!
Again to trace the wint'ry tracts of ſnow!
Or, ſooth'd by vernal airs, again ſurvey
The ſelf-ſame hawthorns bud, and cowſlips blow!

O life! how ſoon of ev'ry bliſs forlorn!
We ſtart falſe joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey, that cheers our youthful morn,
Then ſinks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

ELEGY

ELEGY XII.

His recantation.

NO more the muſe obtrudes her thin diſguiſe;
No more with awkward fallacy complains,
How ev'ry fervour from my boſom flies,
And reaſon in her loneſome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more ſhe paints the breaſt from paſſion free;
I feel, I feel one loit'ring wiſh ſurvive—
Ah need I, FLORIO, name that wiſh to thee?

The ſtar of VENUS uſhers in the day,
The firſt, the lovelieſt of the train that ſhine!
The ſtar of VENUS lends her brighteſt ray,
When other ſtars their friendly beams reſign.

Still in my breaſt one ſoft deſire remains,
Pure as that ſtar, from guilt, from int'reſt free,
Has gentle DELIA tript acroſs the plains,
And need I, FLORIO, name that wiſh to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the ſcenes of life the ſame,
I tune with careleſs hand my languid lays;
Some ſecret impulſe wakes my former flame,
And fires my ſtrain with hope of brighter days.

I ſlept not long beneath yon rural bow'rs;
And lo! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I ſee:
Has gentle DELIA bound my crook with flow'rs,
And need I, FLORIO, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

To a friend, on ſome ſlight occaſion eſtranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day
Around his ſeat may peaceful ſhades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with ſmiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too ſwiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Loſt to our wonted friendſhip, loſt to joy!
Soon may thy breaſt the cordial wiſh reſume,
Ere wint'ry doubt its tender warmth deſtroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Wou'dſt thou reject thy DAMON's plighted hand?
Wou'dſt thou with ſcorn thy once lov'd friend diſown?

Life is that ſtranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred ſouls forego their ſocial claim?
Launch'd in the vaſt abyſs of ſpace and time,
Shall dark ſuſpicion quench the gen'rous flame?

Myriads of ſouls, that knew one parent mold,
See ſadly ſever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial liſt inroll'd,
Forbid by fate to change one tranſient glance!

But

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where paſſions rage, and hurricanes deſcend:
Say, ſhall we nurſe the rage, aſſiſt the ſtorm?
And guide them to the boſom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boiſt'rous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale ſickneſs warns thy friend away!
For me no more the vernal roſes bloom!
I ſee ſtern fate his ebon wand diſplay,
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguiſh from thine eye ſhall ſtart,
Sad as thou follow'ſt my untimely bier;
" Fool that I was—if friends ſo ſoon muſt part,
" To let ſuſpicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.

To Lord TEMPLE.

WHILE others lost to friendship, lost to love,
Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,
And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An awkward stranger, if we waft it o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor, for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,
Wou'd change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No

No diſtant clime ſhall ſervile airs impart,
Or form theſe limbs with pliant eaſe to play;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illuſive art,
That ſteals my lov'd ruſticity away.

'Tis long ſince freedom fled th' Heſperian clime;
Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd ſhore;
She ſaw the Britiſh oak aſpire ſublime,
And ſoft CAMPANIA's olive charms no more.

Let partial ſuns mature the weſtern mine,
To ſhed its luſtre o'er th' Iberian maid;
Mien, beauty, ſhape, O native foil, are thine;
Thy peerleſs daughters aſk no foreign aid.

Let * CEYLON's envy'd plant perfume the ſeas,
Till torn to ſeaſon the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breaſt whoſe genuine ardours pleaſe,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the ſoul.

Let the proud ſoldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The muſe no more by flow'ry LADON roves,
She ſeeks her THOMSON on the Britiſh plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthleſs war diſmay'd;
As hapleſs realms that war's oppreſſion feel!
In vain may AUSTRIA boaſt her Noric blade,
If AUSTRIA bleed beneath her boaſted ſteel.

Beneath her palm IDUME vents her moan;
Raptur'd ſhe once beheld its friendly ſhade!
And hoary MEMPHIS boaſts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd!

* The cinnamon.

No.

No crescent here displays its baneful horns;
No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves;
Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chaunt their loves.

Boast, favour'd MEDIA, boast thy flow'ry stores;
Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd;
'Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of BRITANNIA's mind.

While * GREENVILLE's breast cou'd virtue's stores afford,
What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight?
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, GREENVILLE, thee with calmest courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
Thee by the virtues arm'd, the graces taught,
When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore?

Presumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompense decree?
While friends that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguish; feel—the loss of thee.

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
No more the muse of partial praise arraign;
BRITANNIA sees no foreign breast so fair,
And if she glory, glories not in vain.

* Written about the time of Captain GREENVILLE's death.

ELEGY

ELEGY XV.

*In memory of a * private family in* WORCESTERSHIRE.

FROM a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender ſigh;
Still, as the village caught the waving ſound,
A ſwelling tear diſtream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each BRITON's breaſt of old,
When the dull curfeu ſpoke their freedom fled;
For, ſighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind ſupport is dead!

'Twas good PALEMON—near a ſhaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous roſe;
The flocking rooks, by inſtinct's native rule,
This peaceful ſcene for their aſylum choſe.

A few ſmall ſpires, to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the ſhades emerging, ſtruck the view;
'Twas here his youth reſpir'd its earlieſt air;
'Twas here his age breath'd out its laſt adieu.

One favour'd ſon engag'd his tendereſt care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
In his young breaſt the virtues ſprung ſo fair,
Such charms diſplay'd, ſuch ſweets diffus'd around.

* The penns of HARBOROUGH; a place whoſe name, in the SAXON language, alludes to an arm. And there is a tradition that there was a battle fought, on the downs adjoining, betwixt the BRITONS and the ROMANS.

But

But whilſt gay tranſport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poiſon'd ſky;
Blaſts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,
And, ſcarce ſurviving, ſees his CYNTHIO die!

O'er the pale corſe we ſaw him gently bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread," he cry'd,
"is ſpun!
If heav'n had meant I ſhou'd my life extend,
Heav'n had preſerv'd my life's ſupport, my ſon.

Snatch'd in thy prime! alas the ſtroke were mild,
Had my frail form obey'd the fates' decree!
Bleſs'd were my lot, O CYNTHIO! O my child!
Had heav'n ſo pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five ſleepleſs nights he ſtemm'd this tide of woes;
Five irkſome ſuns he ſaw, thro' tears, forlorn!
On his pale corſe the ſixth ſad morning roſe;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on thoſe *downs, by Roman hoſts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers; ruſtic, unrefin'd!
Freedom's plain ſons, in martial cares employ'd!
They ting'd their bodies, but unmaſk'd their
mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimſon had forſook the place,
And freedom fondly lov'd the choſen ſeat.

* HARBOROUGH DOWNS.

No

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breaſt,
To ſwell with empty ſounds a ſpotleſs name;
If foſt'ring ſkies, the ſun, the ſhow'r were bleſt,
Their bounty ſpread; their field's extent the ſame.

Thoſe fields, profuſe of raiment, food, and fire,
They ſcorn'd to leſſen, careleſs to extend;
Bade luxury to laviſh courts aſpire,
And avarice to city-breaſts deſcend.

None to a virgin's mind preferr'd her dow'r;
To fire with vitious hopes a modeſt heir:
The ſire, in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r,
Aſſign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

They ſpoke of Fortune, as ſome doubtful dame,
That ſway'd the natives of a diſtant ſphere;
From lucre's vagrant ſons had learn'd her fame,
But never wiſh'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free ſpirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the moſt that innocence can give;
Thoſe wholeſome ſweets, that border virtue's way;
Thoſe cooling fruits, that we may taſte and live.

Their board no ſtrange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own ſtreams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the ſcaly glutton to the ſhore,
The ſole deceit their artleſs boſom knew!

Sincere themſelves, ah too ſecure to find
The common boſom, like their own, ſincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poiſon bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their ſuppliant buſts implore the reader's pray'r;
Ah gentle ſouls! enjoy your bliſsful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For ſure, to bliſsful realms the ſouls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, cenſur'd, ſtrove;
The friends of ſcience! muſic, all their own;
Muſic, the voice of virtue, and of love!

The journeying peaſant, thro' the ſecret ſhade,
Heard their ſoft lyres engage his liſt'ning ear;
And haply deem'd ſome courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with tranſport hear.

For theſe the ſounds that chaſe unholy ſtrife!
Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch releaſe!
Raiſe him to ſpurn the radiant ills of life,
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewell, pure ſpirits! vain the praiſe we give,
The praiſe you ſought from lips angelic flows;
Farewell! the virtues which deſerve to live,
Deſerve an ampler bliſs than life beſtows.

Laſt of his race, PALEMON, now no more
The modeſt merit of his line diſplay'd;
Then pious HOUGH VIGORNIA's mitre wore—
Soft ſleep the duſt of each deſerving ſhade.

ELEGY

ELEGY XVI.

He ſuggeſts the advantages of birth to a perſon of merit, and the folly of a ſuperciliouſneſs that is built upon that ſole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal ſplendour glows,
When title ſhines, with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like ſome fair almond's flow'ry pomp it ſhews;
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to ſoften ſplendour's ray;
Endure the ſwain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekneſs join'd its temperate beam diſplay;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the ſandal'd ſwain, the ſhepherd's boy;
He ſighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulſe of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wiſhes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathleſs vales we fly;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam ſtill lovely thro' the chequer'd ſhades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Shou'd ****'s eyes illume the deſert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I muſt love.

Nor unregarded ſighs the lowly hind;
Tho' you contemn, the gods reſpect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the ſcornful mind,
And vengeance, too ſevere! the gods allow.

On SARUM's plain I met a wand'ring fair;
The look of ſorrow, lovely ſtill ſhe bore:
Looſe flow'd the ſoft redundance of her hair,
And on her brow a flow'ry wreath ſhe wore.

Oft ſtooping as ſhe ſtray'd, ſhe cull'd the pride
Of ev'ry plain; ſhe pillag'd ev'ry grove!
The fading chaplet daily ſhe ſupply'd,
And ſtill her hand ſome various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy ſhap'd her wild attire;
From BETHLEM's walls the poor lymphatic ſtray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conſpire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus ſhe ſaid.

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapleſs maid,
Sprung from the ſcepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I aſk thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice ſhall whiſper kinder things.

The world is frantic——fly the race profane——
Nor I, nor you, ſhall its compaſſion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, ſhepherd! haſt thou ſeen my love?

My love is young—but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair, and ſo is mine;
An air divine diſcloſes whence he ſprung;
He is my love, who boaſts that air divine.

No

No vulgar DAMON robs me of my reſt,
IANTHE liſtens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods deſcended, fires her breaſt;
A brilliant crown diſtinguiſhes his brow.

What, ſhall I ſtain the glories of my race?
More clear, more lovely bright than HESPER's beam!
The porc'lain pure with vulgar dirt debaſe?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid ſtream?

See thro' theſe veins the ſapphire current ſhine!
'Twas JOVE's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
Can baſe plebeian forms contend with mine!
Diſplay the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter ſtrove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he ſtrove;
He frown'd—I ſmiling view'd the faint eſſay;
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from JOVE.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
How am'rous JOVE trepann'd a mortal fair;
How thro' the race the generous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earlieſt SATURN, ſprung
Our ſacred race; thro' demigods convey'd;
And he, ally'd to PHOEBUS, ever young,
My godlike boy, muſt wed their duteous maid.

Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,
My ſire's dread fury murmurs thro' the ſky;
And ſhou'd I yield—his inſtant rage appears,
He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare!
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul;
'Twas then—I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;——
Yet such his beauty—wou'd my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
And I shall die—before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
Tho' night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chace;
Till, on a sudden, these with-held their light—
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay;
See, see! he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—
IANTHE comes; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and, heedless of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain!
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

ELEGY

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the ſuggeſtions of ſpleen: an elegy to the winds.

Æole, namque tibi divum pater atque hominum rex
Et mulcere dedit mentes *et tollere vento.*

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my pray'r!
A while thy fury check, thy ſtorms confine!
No trivial blaſt impells the paſſive air,
But brews a tempeſt in a breaſt like mine.

What bands of black ideas ſpread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poiſon taint the cryſtal ſprings!
With noiſome vapour blaſt the verdant ſhade!

I know their leader, Spleen; and dread the ſway
Of rigid EURUS, his deteſted fire;
Thro' one my bloſſoms and my fruits decay;
Thro' one my pleaſures and my hopes expire.

Like ſome pale ſtripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
I ſtand aghaſt; and chill'd with fear ſurvey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful ſtream!

Where

Where by remorſe impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the ſad preſage of coming years,
And forr'wing dwells on pleaſures now no more!

Again with patrons and with friends ſhe roves;
But friends and patrons never to return!
She ſees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
But ſees them weeping o'er LUCINDA's urn.

She viſits, ISIS! thy forſaken ſtream,
Oh ill forſaken for Bœotian air!
She deems no flood reflects ſo bright a beam,
No reed ſo verdant, and no flow'rs ſo fair.

She dreams beneath thy ſacred ſhades where, Peace,
Thy bays might ev'n the civil ſtorm repel;
Reviews thy ſocial bliſs, thy learned eaſe,
And with no cheerful accent cries, farewell!

Farewell, with whom to theſe retreats I ſtray'd!
By youthful ſports, by youthful toils a'ly'd!
Joyous we ſojourn'd in thy circling ſhade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progreſs of my rival's vow;
Sees ev'ry muſe a partial ear incline;
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuſe of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flatt'ring mirrour, form'd to pleaſe,
Now blaſt my hope, now vindicate deſpair;
Bids my fond verſe the love-ſick parley ceaſe;
Accuſe my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where

Where circling rocks defend ſome pathleſs vale,
Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!
Alas! there echo will repeat the tale——
Where ſhall I find the ſilent ſcenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckleſs fate alone;
Forbid to pleaſe, yet fated to admire;
Away my friends! my ſorrows are my own;
Why ſhould I breathe around my ſick deſire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
Near ſome ſad ruin's ghaſtly ſhade to dwell!
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mould'ring refuſe build my cell!

Genius of ROME! thy proſtrate pomp diſplay;
Trace ev'ry diſmal proof of fortune's power;
Let me the wreck of theatres ſurvey,
Or penſive ſit beneath ſome nodding tow'r.

Or where ſome duct, by rolling ſeaſons worn,
Convey'd pure ſtreams to ROME's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in ſilence let me mourn;
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of CARTHAGE! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Tow'rs, arches, fanes, in wild confuſion ſtrewn;
Let baniſh'd * MARIUS, low'ring by thy ſide,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

* Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginenſium teleravit, cum Marius inſpiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri poſſent eſſe ſolatio. LIV.

Ah

Ah no! thou monarch of the ſtorms! forbear;
My trembling nerves abbor thy rude controul;
And ſcarce a pleaſing twilight ſoothes my care,
Ere one vaſt death like darkneſs ſhocks my ſoul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial baſe
Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy reſumes its place,
Shou'd the ſky brighten, or MELISSA ſmile.

ELEGY

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the song of COLIN, *a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.*

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres. VIRGIL.

NEar AVON's bank, on ARDEN's flow'ry plain,
A *tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning wave;
And sunny COTSOL' fondly lov'd the strain;
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh lost OPHELIA! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree!
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee!

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for OPHELIA's sake.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his falt'ring notes decay,
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

* Mr SOMERVILLE.

" Adieu

" Adieu my flocks," he faid ! " my wonted care,
By funny mountain, or by verdant fhore !
May fome more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your COLIN's crook no more.

And you, ye fhepherds ! lead my gentle fheep ;
To breezy hills, or leafy fhelters lead ;
But if the fky with fhow'rs inceffant weep,
Avoid the putrid moifture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
Long loit'ring there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath ?
The fruitlefs gift of an officious friend !

Ah ! what avails the tim'rous lambs to guard,
Tho' nightly cares with daily labours join ?
If foreign floth obtain the rich reward,
If GALLIA's craft the pond'rous fleece purloin !

Was it for this, by conftant vigils worn,
I met the terrours of an early grave ?
For this I led them from the pointed thorn ?
For this I bath'd 'em in the lucid wave ?

Ah heedlefs ALBION ! too benignly prone
Thy blood to laviſh, and thy wealth reſign !
Shall ev'ry other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey'd Prudence never yet be thine ?

From the fair natives of this peerlefs hill
Thou gav'ſt the fheep that browze Iberian plains :
Their plaintive cries the faithlefs region fill,
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they ſtray;
Far from their dams their native guardians far!
Where the ſoft ſhepherd, all the livelong day,
Chaunts his proud miſtreſs to his hoarſe guitar.

But ALBION's youth her native fleece deſpiſe;
Unmov'd they hear the pining ſhepherd's moan;
In ſilky folds each nervous limb diſguiſe,
Allur'd by ev'ry treaſure but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky ſteep,
Anxious, to ſee the wint'ry tempeſt drive;
Preſerve, ſaid I, preſerve your fleece, my ſheep!
Ere long will PHILLIS, will my love arrive.

Ere long ſhe came: ah! wo is me, ſhe came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like theſe they give their ſpotleſs fame,
Reſign their bloom, their innocence reſign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
Give the rich growth of Britiſh hills to fame?
And let her charms and her example own
That virtue's dreſs and beauty's are the ſame?

Will no fam'd chief ſupport this gen'rous maid;
Once more the patriot's arduous path reſume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak future glory to the Britiſh loom?

What pow'r unſeen my raviſh'd fancy fires?
I pierce the dreary ſhade of future days;
Sure 'tis the genius of the land inſpires,
To breathe my lateſt breath in * * * praiſe.

O might my breath for * * * praiſe ſuffice,
How gently ſhou'd my dying limbs repoſe !
O might his future glory bleſs mine eyes,
My raviſh'd eyes ! how calmly wou'd they cloſe !

* * * was born to ſpread the gen'ral joy ;
By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd ;
BRITONS for BRITAIN ſhall the crook employ ;
BRITONS for BRITAIN's glory ſhear the fold."

ELEGY

ELEGY XIX.

Written in ſpring 1743.

AGAIN the lab'ring hind inverts the ſoil ;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave ;
Another ſpring renews the ſoldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the ſoft lyre diſplay'd my wonted loves,
The penſive pleaſure and the tender pain,
The ſordid ALPHEUS hurry'd thro' my groves;
Yet ſtopt to vent the dictates of diſdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold ;
He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r ;
My breaſt, unfully'd by the luſt of gold ;
My time, unlaviſh'd in purſuit of pow'r.

Yes, ALPHEUS ! fly the purer paths of fate ;
Abjure theſe ſcenes from venal paſſions free ;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endleſs war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I dreſs'd an altar to THALIA's name :
Here, as I crown'd the verdant ſhrine with flow'rs,
Soft on my labours ſtole the ſmiling dame.

DAMON, ſhe cry'd, if pleas'd with honeſt praiſe,
Thou court ſucceſs by virtue or by ſong,
Fly the falſe dictates of the venal race ;
Fly the groſs accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre ſhall thy zeal betray ;
Swerve not thy foot with fortune's vot'ries more ;
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeleſs day—
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I ſwore.

Forth from the ruſtic altar ſwift I ſtray'd,
" Aid my firm purpoſe, ye celeſtial pow'rs !
Aid me to quell the ſordid breaſt," I ſaid ;
And * threw my jav'lin tow'rds their hoſtile tow'rs.

" Think not regretful I ſurvey the deed,
Or added years no more the zeal allow ;
Still, ſtill obſervant to the grove I ſpeed,
The ſhrine embelliſh, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle ROME's relentleſs foe,
Such gen'rous hate the † Punic champion bore ;
Thy lake, O THRASIMENE ! beheld it glow,
And CANNÆ's walls, and TREBIA's crimſon ſhore.

But let grave annals paint the warriour's fame ;
Fair ſhine his arms, in hiſtory enroll'd ;
Whilſt humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punic pride its final eve ſurvey'd ;
Its hoſts exhauſted, and its fleets on fire ;
Patient the victors lurid frown obey'd,
And ſaw th' unwilling elephants retire.

* The Roman ceremony in declaring war.
† HANNIBAL.

But

But when their gold depreſs'd the yielding ſcale,
Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He ſaw th' unutterable grief prevail;
He ſaw their tears, and, in his fury, ſmil'd.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the ſmiles of eaſe,
Or this firm breaſt diſclaims a patriot's pain;
I ſmile, but from a ſoul eſtrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with diſdain!

But were it cordial, this deteſted ſmile,
Seems it leſs timely than the grief ye ſhew?
O ſons of CARTHAGE! grant me to revile
The ſordid ſource of your indecent wo!

Why weep ye now! ye ſaw with tearleſs eye
When your fleet periſh'd on the Punic wave:
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy ſigh,
When TYRE's imperial ſtate commenc'd a ſlave?

'Tis paſt—O CARTHAGE! vanquiſh'd! honour'd ſhade!
Go, the mean ſorrows of thy ſons deplore;
Had freedom ſhar'd the vow to fortune paid,
She ne'er, like fortune, had forſook thy ſhore.

He ceas'd—abaſh'd the conſcious audience hear;
Their pallid cheeks a crimſon bluſh unfold;
Yet o'er that virtuous bluſh diſtreams a tear,
And falling moiſtens their abandon'd gold *.

* By the terms forced upon the CARTHAGINIANS by SCIPIO, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions Sterling.

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the diſtreſs of others; and his ſubjection to DELIA, *with the miſerable ſervitude of an* African *ſlave.*

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn?
Why ſinks my ſoul beneath each wint'ry ſky?
What penſive crouds, by ceaſeleſs labours worn,
What myriads, wiſh to be as bleſs'd as I!

What tho' my roofs devoid of pomp ariſe,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his deſtin'd way?
Nor coſtly art my flow'ry dales diſguiſe,
Where only ſimple friendſhip deigns to ſtray?

See the wild ſons of LAPLAND's chill domain,
That ſcoop their couch beneath the drifted ſnows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the ſharp eaſt for ever, ever blows!

Slave tho' I be, to DELIA's eyes a ſlave,
My DELIA's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The ſigh ſhe cauſes well becomes the brave,
The pang ſhe cauſes, 'tis ev'n bliſs to bear.

See the poor native quit the Lybian ſhores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant ſmile his dying peace reſtores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendſhip heals his wound.

Let

Let vacant bards diſplay their boaſtive woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief diſplay?
No, let the muſe his piercing pangs diſcloſe,
Who bleeds and weeps his ſum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guiſe he ſtood,
Ere the ſhrill boatſwain gave the hated ſign;
He dropt a tear unſeen into the flood;
He ſtole one ſecret moment, to repine.

Yet the muſe liſten'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as nature could inſpire;
To me the muſe his tender plea convey'd,
But ſmooth'd, and ſuited to the ſounding lyre.

"Why am I raviſh'd from my native ſtrand?
What ſavage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infeſt this teeming land,
And more than ſea-born monſters plough the main?

Here the dire locuſts horrid ſwarms prevail;
Here the blue aſps with livid poiſon ſwell;
Here the dry dipſa writhes his ſinuous mail;
Can we not here ſecure from envy dwell?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
When the ſtern panther ſought his midnight-prey,
What fate reſerv'd me for this * Chriſtian race?
O race more poliſh'd, more ſevere than they!

* Spoke by a ſavage.

Ye

Ye prouling wolves, purſue my lateſt cries !
Thou hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den !
Ye ſandy waſtes, in rapid eddies riſe !
O tear me from the whips and ſcorns of men !

Yet in their face ſuperiour beauty glows ;
Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong ?
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of bliſsful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,
But ſtain'd with blood, and crimſon'd o'er with crimes,
Say, ſhall they merit what they paint ſo fair ?

No, careleſs, hopeleſs of thoſe fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our ſorrows gay,
They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
And feign theſe diſtant regions to repay.

For them our tuſky elephant expires ;
For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold ;
Where rove the brutal nations wild deſires ?—
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is ſold !

Yet ſhores there are, bleſs'd ſhores for us remain,
And favour'd iſles with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where ev'ry breeze ſhall med'cine ev'ry wound.

There the ſtern tyrant that embitters life,
Shall, vainly ſuppliant, ſpread his aſking hand ;
There ſhall we view the billow's raging ſtrife,
Aid the kind breaſt, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient BRITONS. *Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury.* 1746.

THUS DAMON ſung—What tho' unknown to praiſe
Unbrageous coverts hide my muſe and me;
Or mid the rural ſhepherds flow my days,
Amid the rural ſhepherds I am free.

To view ſleek vaſſals croud a ſtately hall,
Say ſhould I grow myſelf a ſolemn ſlave?
To find thy tints, O TITIAN! grace my wall,
Forego the flow'ry fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time my devious path I bend,
Thro' fringy woodland, or ſmooth-ſhaven lawn;
Or penſile grove, or airy cliff aſcend,
And hail the ſcene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—tho' nor the racy vine,
Nor fatt'ning olive clothe the fields I rove,
Sequeſter'd ſhades, and gurgling founts are mine,
And ev'ry ſilvan grott the muſes love.

Here if my viſta point the mould'ring pile,
Where hood and cowl devotion's aſpect wore,
I trace the tott'ring reliques with a ſmile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, if the glowing landſcape wave with corn;
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, riſe;
Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thouſand valleys borne,
Diſcern the Cambrian hills ſupport the ſkies.

And ſee PLINLIMMON! ev'n the youthful ſight
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such CAER-CARADOC! thy ſtupendous height,
Whoſe ample ſhade obſcures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyleſs regions! where, by ſcience fir'd,
Some prying ſage his lonely ſtep may bend;
There, by the love of novel plants inſpir'd,
Invidious view the clamb'ring goats aſcend.

Yet for thoſe mountains, clad with laſting ſnow,
The free-born BRITON left his greeneſt mead;
Receding ſullen from his mightier foe,
For here he ſaw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Suſtain'd her drooping ſons, repell'd her foes,
Above or Perſian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majeſtic monument aroſe.

Progreſſive ages carol'd forth his fame;
Sires to his praiſe attun'd their childrens tongue;
The hoary druid fed the generous flame,
While in ſuch ſtrains the reverend wizard ſung.

"Go forth, my ſons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty reſign'd?
Go forth, my ſons!—for what is inſtant death
To ſouls ſecure perennial joys to find?

For

For ſcenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, bleſt with boundleſs freedom, reign,
With miſletoe's myſterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your myſtic ſongs;
Your ſolemn woods reſound their martial fire;
To you, my ſons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cauſe you vanquiſh, or expire.

Hark! from the ſacred oak that crowns the groves
What awful voice my raptur'd boſom warms!
This is the favour'd moment heav'n approves,
Sound the ſhrill trump; this inſtant ſound to arms.

Theirs was the ſcience of a martial race,
To ſhape the lance, or decorate the ſhield;
Ev'n the fair virgin ſtain'd her native grace,
To give new horrours to the tented field.

Now, for ſome cheek where guilty bluſhes glow,
For ſome falſe FLORIMEL's impure diſguiſe,
The liſted youth, nor war's loud ſignal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if ſoft concord lull'd their fears to ſleep,
Inert and ſilent ſlept the manly car;
But ruſh'd horrific o'er the fearful ſteep,
If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the ſleek courtier, indolent and vain,
Thron'd in the ſplendid carriage glides ſupine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign ſtrain,
Or at a fav'rite's board his faith reſign.

Leave

Leave then, O Luxury! this happy soil!
Chase her, BRITANNIA, to some hostile shore!
Or * fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

ELEGY

ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year ——, when the rights of ſepulture were ſo frequently violated.

SAY, gentle ſleep, that lov'ſt the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician, ſay,
Whence my late viſion thus endures the light;
Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

The ſilent moon had ſcal'd the vaulted ſkies,
And anxious care reſign'd my limbs to reſt;
A ſudden luſtre ſtruck my wond'ring eyes,
And SYLVIA ſtood before my couch confeſt.

Ah! not the nymph ſo blooming and ſo gay,
That led the dance beneath the feſtive ſhade!
But ſhe that, in the morning of her day,
Intomb'd beneath the graſs-green ſod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance caſt;
No more her breaſt inſpir'd the lover's flame,
No more her cheek the Pæſtan roſe ſurpaſt;
Yet ſeem'd her lip's ethereal ſmile the ſame.

Nor ſuch her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor ſuch her voice as charm'd the liſt'ning croud;
Nor ſuch her dreſs as heighten'd ev'ry grace;
Alas! all vaniſh'd for the mournful ſhroud!

Yet ſeem'd her lip's ethereal charm the ſame;
That dear diſtinction every doubt remov'd;
Periſh the lover, whoſe imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"DAMON," ſhe ſaid, "mine hour allotted flies;
Oh! do not waſte it with a fruitleſs tear!
Tho' griev'd to ſee thy SYLVIA's pale diſguiſe,
Suſpend thy ſorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy muſe with virtuous fame be bleſt!
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
So may thy bones in ſacred ſilence reſt,
Faſt by the relics of ſome happier maid!

Thou know'ſt, how ling'ring on a diſtant ſhore
Diſeaſe invidious nipt my flow'ry prime;
And oh! what pangs my tender boſom tore,
To think I ne'er muſt view my native clime!

No friend was near to raiſe my drooping head;
No dear companion wept to ſee me die;
Lodge me within my native ſoil, I ſaid;
Where my fond parents honour'd relics lie.

Tho' now debarr'd of each domeſtic tear;
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
There many a friend ſhall grace my woful bier,
And many a ſigh ſhall riſe, and tear ſhall flow.

I ſpoke, nor fate forbore his trembling ſpoil;
Some venal mourner lent his careleſs aid;
And ſoon they bore me to my native ſoil,
Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

'Twas

'Twas then the youths, from ev'ry plain and grove,
Adorn'd with mournful verſe thy SYLVIA's bier;
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And ſtrew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why alas! the tender ſcene diſplay?
Cou'd DAMON's foot the pious path decline?
Ah no! 'twas DAMON firſt attun'd his lay,
And ſure no ſonnet was ſo dear as thine.

Thus was I boſom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghoſt no longer wept its doom;
When ſavage robbers every ſanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corſe, from hoſtile realms convey'd,
Loſe the cheap portion of my native ſands?
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

Say, wou'd thy breaſt no death-like torture feel,
To ſee my limbs the felon's gripe obey?
To ſee them gaſh'd beneath the daring ſteel?
To crouds a ſpectre, and to dogs a prey?

If PÆAN's ſons theſe horrid rites require,
If health's fair ſcience be by theſe refin'd,
Let guilty convicts for their uſe expire,
And let their breathleſs corſe avail mankind.

Yet hard it ſeems, when guilt's laſt fine is paid,
To ſee the victim's corſe deny'd repoſe!
Now, more ſevere! the poor offenceleſs maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim?
Nature, inſtinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And ſacred be their aſhes, and their fame!

Ariſe, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
Ev'n now the villain ſnuffs his wonted prey;
See! ſee! I lead thee to yon ſacred walls—
Oh! fly to chaſe theſe human wolves away."

ELEGY

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation.

BORN near the scene for * KENELM's fate renown'd,
I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
The savage force of empire, and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon various wild,
Where spreading oaks embow'r a Gothic fane;
KENDRIDA's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There nature urg'd her tendrest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid cou'd every care employ;
Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favour'd lover seeks the MERCIAN throne,
And views her KENELM with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah! how just were fate,
Wou'd fate or fortune MERCIA's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

* KENELM in the Saxon heptarchy was heir to the kingdom of MERCIA; but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together.

See, garniſh'd for the chace, the fraudful maid
To theſe lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth, all prone, the ſiſter guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth! himſelf the deſtin'd prey.

But now, nor ſhaggy hill, nor pathleſs plain,
Forms the lone refuge of the ſilvan game;
Since LYTTELTON has crown'd the ſweet domain
With ſofter pleaſures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong ſteed,
Immortal bards, a poliſh'd race, retire;
And where hoarſe ſcream'd the ſtrepent horn, ſuc-
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre. [ceed

See THOMSON, loit'ring near ſome limpid well,
For BRITAIN's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or, ſtudious of revolving ſeaſons, tell
How peerleſs LUCIA made all ſeaſons fair!

See ******* from civic garlands fly,
And in theſe groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon ſummit, with a guardian's eye,
Obſerve how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here POPE!—ah never muſt that tow'ring mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return!
What art! what friendſhips! oh! what fame reſign'd!
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breaſt can rage or hate retain,
And theſe glad ſtreams and ſmiling lawns behold?
Where is the breaſt can hear the woodland ſtrain,
And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold!

Thro'

Thro' theſe ſoft ſhades delighted let me ſtray,
While o'er my head forgotten ſuns deſcend!
Thro' theſe dear valleys bend my caſual way,
Till ſetting life a total ſhade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muſe how much I owe mine humbler fate;
Or ſhrink to find how much ambition dares,
To ſhine in anguiſh, and to grieve in ſtate!

Canſt thou, O ſun! that ſpotleſs throne diſcloſe,
Where her bold arm has left no ſanguine ſtain?
Where, ſhew me where, the lineal ſceptre glows,
Pure as the ſimple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, diſtruſt, and fear,
In kindred boſoms ſolve the ſocial tie;
There not the parent's ſmile is half ſincere,
Nor void of art the conſort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wiſh, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd, and no boſoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one ſordid aim,
And ev'n the beardleſs lip eſſays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murd'rous round;
The glance that more than rural blame inſtills;
Whiſpers that ting'd with friendſhip doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Careſſing brothers part but to revile;
There all men ſmile, and prudence warns the wiſe,
To dread the fatal ſtroke of all that ſmile.

There

There all are rivals! ſiſter, ſon, and ſire,
With horrid purpoſe hug deſtructive arms;
There ſoft-ey'd maids in murd'rous plots conſpire,
And ſcorn the gentler miſchief of their charms.

Let ſervile minds one endleſs watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard reſign;
But lay me, fate! on flow'ry bank, ſecure,
Tho' my whole ſoul be, like my limbs, ſupine.

Yes, may my tongue diſdain a vaſſal's care;
My lyre reſound no proſtituted lay;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of freedom, than the crown of bays.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wiſh it not o'er golden ſands to flow;
Cheer'd by the verdure of my ſpiral wood,
I ſcorn the quarry, where no ſhrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the ſhepherd's peace purſue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no ſecret wound;
He ſings his DELIA, and if ſhe be true,
His love at once and his ambition's crown'd.

ELEGY

ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occaſion from the fate of ELEANOR *of* BRETAGNE *, to ſuggeſt the imperfect pleaſures of a ſolitary life.*

WHEN beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the riſing ſigh.

Fair ELEONORA! wou'd no gallant mind
The cauſe of love, the cauſe of juſtice own?
Matchleſs thy charms, and was no life reſign'd
To ſee them ſparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might ſuch brows the regal gem reſign;
Thy radiant mien might ſcorn the guilt of arms,
Yet ALBION's awful empire yield to thine.

O ſhame of BRITONS! in one ſullen tow'r
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguiſh ev'ry roſe devour;
They ſprung, they ſhone, they faded, and they fell.

* ELEANOR of BRETAGNE, the lawful heireſs of the Engliſh crown, upon the death of ARTHUR, in the reign of King JOHN. She was eſteemed the beauty of her time; was impriſoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Briſtol caſtle.

Thro'

Thro' one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Succeſſive ſuns a languid radiance threw;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how faſt her waning beauty flew.

This age might bear; then fated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what ſplendour can ſupply;
Fond youth inceſſant mourns, if rigid walls
Reſtrain its liſt'ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me * * * * the pretence is vain!
This boaſted calm that ſmooths our early days,
For never yet could youthful mind reſtrain
Th' alternate pant for pleaſure and for praiſe.

Ev'n me, by ſhady oak or limpid ſpring,
Ev'n me, the ſcenes of poliſh'd life allure;
Some genius whiſpers, "Life is on the wing,
And hard his lot that languiſhes obſcure.

What tho' thy riper mind admire no more—
The ſhining cincture, and the broider'd fold
Can pierce like lightning thro' the figur'd ore,
And melt to droſs the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermines, rods may well attract thy ſcorn;
The futile preſents of capricious pow'r!
But wit, but worth, the public ſphere adorn,
And who but envies then the ſocial hour?

Can virtue, careleſs of her pupil's meed,
Forget how * * * ſuſtains the ſhepherd's cauſe?
Content in ſhades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the ſounding pæan of applauſe?

For

For public haunts, impell'd by BRITAIN's weal,
See GREENVILLE quit the muſe's fav'rite eaſe;
And ſhall not ſwains admire his noble zeal?
Admiring praiſe, admiring ſtrive to pleaſe?

Life, ſays the ſage, affords no bliſs ſincere;
And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew:
But ah! where GREENVILLE charms the liſt'ning ear,
'Tis hard to think the cheerleſs maxim true.

The groves may ſmile; the rivers gently glide;
Soft thro' the vale reſound the loneſome lay;
Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taſte preſide,
But can they pleaſe when LYTTELTON's away?

Pure as the ſwain's the breaſt of *** glows,
Ah! were the ſhepherd's phraſe like his refin'd!
But how improv'd the generous dictate flows
Thro' the clear medium of a poliſh'd mind!

Happy the youths who warm with BRITAIN's love,
Her inmoſt wiſh in *** periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where LONSDALE gilds the ſphere!

While rural faith, and every poliſh'd art,
Each friendly charm in *** conſpire,
From public ſcenes all penſive muſt you part;
All joyleſs to the greeneſt fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or ſtream,
Like ſome lone halcyon, ſocial pleaſure ſhun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright proceſſion of the ſun.

Then,

Then, cover'd by thy ripen'd ſhades, reſume
The ſilent walk; no more by paſſion toſt:
Then ſeek thy ruſtic haunts; the dreary gloom,
Where ev'ry art that colours life is loſt."—

In vain! the liſt'ning muſe attends in vain!
Reſtraints in hoſtile bands her motions wait—
—Yet will I grieve, and ſadden all my ſtrain,
When injur'd beauty mourns the muſe's fate.

ELEGY

ELEGY XXV.

To DELIA, *with ſome flowers; complaining how much his benevolence ſuffers on account of his humble fortune.*

WHATE'ER could ſculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the laviſh hand of wealth can ſhow'r,
Theſe would I give—and every gift enjoy
That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the pow'r.

Bleſs'd were my lot, to feed the ſocial fires!
To learn the latent wiſhes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taſte admires,
And, for my tranſport, on his ſmile depend!

Bleſs'd too is he whoſe ev'ning-ramble ſtrays
Where droop the ſons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at ſmall expenſe, their fondeſt pray'r!

And oh the joy! to ſhun the conſcious light,
To ſpare the modeſt bluſh; to give unſeen!
Like ſhow'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the ſmiling vales with green.

But happieſt they, who drooping realms relieve!
Whoſe virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whoſe ſad fate a thouſand ſhepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief ſincere.

To call loſt worth from its oppreſſive ſhade;
To fix its equal ſphere, and ſee it ſhine;
To hear it grateful own the generous aid;
This, this is tranſport—but muſt ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliſs; nor I refuſe
To range where daizies open, rivers roll;
While proſe or ſong the languid hours amuſe,
And ſoothe the fond impatience of my ſoul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jaſmin bow'rs,
And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year;
A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
Then, unlamented, preſs an early bier!

Of thoſe lov'd flow'rs the lifeleſs corſe may ſhare;
Some hireling hand a fading wreath beſtow;
The reſt will breathe as ſweet, will glow as fair,
As when their maſter ſmil'd to ſee them glow.

The ſequent morn ſhall wake the ſilvan quire;
The kid again ſhall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will ſmile, will wear her beſt attire;
O! let not gentle DELIA ſmile ſo ſoon!

While the rude hearſe conveys me ſlow away,
And careleſs eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmoſt worth o'erpay;
And, ſoftly ſighing, vindicate my fame.——

O DELIA! cheer'd by thy ſuperiour praiſe,
I bleſs the ſilent path the fates decree;
Pleas'd, from the liſt of my inglorious days,
To raze the moments crown'd with bliſs and thee.

ELEGY

ELEGY XXVI.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not DAMON's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly ſtudious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chace, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
Expenſe, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove;
I bade my words the wonted ſoftneſs wear,
And ſeiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the reſt?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Aſſur'd that virtue, by misfortune preſt,
Feels not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When ſcorn'd of virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet deſponding JESSY lay.

"HENRY," ſhe ſaid, "by thy dear form ſubdu'd,
See the ſad relics of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this riſing ſob renew'd:
I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun.

Amid

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame;
For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame.

The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain,
The ſportive lambs increaſe my penſive moan;
All ſeem to chaſe me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I ſtray,
Where bloom the jaſmins that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
For we are ſpotleſs, JESSY; we are pure.

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph ſo frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale,
Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

Thus for your ſake I ſhun each human eye;
I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languiſh, but I dread to die,
Leſt my ſad fate ſhou'd nouriſh pangs for you.

Raiſe me from earth ; the pains of want remove,
And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore ;
There only, baniſh'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue ſhall relapſe no more.

Be but my friend ; I aſk no dearer name ;
Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair ;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chaſe my ſhame,
That pity gave what love refus'd to ſhare.

Force not my tongue to aſk its ſcanty bread ;
Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew ;
Not ſuch the parent's board at which I fed !
Nor ſuch the precept from his lips I drew !

Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil ;
Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair ;
And pity welcome to my native ſoil."

She ſpoke — nor was I born of ſavage race ;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign ;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
And vow'd to waſte her life in pray'rs for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend ;
I ſaw her breaſt with every paſſion heave ;
I left her — torn from every earthly friend ;
Oh ! my hard boſom, which could bear to leave !

Brief let me be ; the fatal ſtorm aroſe ;
The billows rag'd ; the pilot's art was vain ;
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe ;
My JESSY floats upon the wat'ry plain !

And

And — see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier!

ODES,

ODES,

SONGS,

BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE:

An Ode to the late Duchess of SOMERSET.

Written in 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?

See

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched ſwain your ſport ſurvey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey:
He ſees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curſes loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye ſwains, conclude
That nature ſmiles for you alone;
Your bounded ſouls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the ſelfiſh boaſt diſown:
Yours be the produce of the ſoil;
O may it ſtill reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceleſs train
Of clinging infants, aſk ſupport in vain!

But tho' the various harveſt gild your plains,
Does the mere landſcape feaſt your eye?
Or the warm hope of diſtant gains
Far other cauſe of glee ſupply?
Is not the red-ſtreak's future juice
The ſource of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuſe,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirſt ye praiſe the limpid ſtream, 'tis true:
But tho', the pebbled ſhores among,
It mimic no unpleaſing ſong,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye ſee the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the ſpring her flowery robe reſume;

Unmov'd

Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a ſmile.
O let a rural conſcious muſe,
For well ſhe knows, your froward ſenſe accuſe:
Forth to the ſolemn oak you bring the ſquare,
And ſpan the maſſy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye ſtray
To waſte with us a ſummer's day,
Exclude the taſte of every ſwain,
Nor our untutor'd ſenſe diſdain:
'Tis nature only gives excluſive right
To relith her ſupreme delight;
She, where ſhe pleaſes kind or coy,
Who furniſhes the ſcene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auſpicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For ſuch the rivers daſh their foaming tides,
The mountain ſwells, the dale ſubſides;
Ev'n thriftleſs furze detains their wandering ſight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what ſuſpicious fearful care
The ſordid wretch ſecures his claim,
If haply ſome luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What

What ſcruples leſt ſome future birth
Should litigate a ſpan of earth! [proſe,
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for
The towering muſe endures not to diſcloſe;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehenſive and more free,
Her laviſh charter, taſte, appropriates all we ſee.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the ſolemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial ſort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the ſea:
Each laughing muſe derides the vow;
Ev'n ADRIA ſcorns the mock embrace,
To ſome lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle ſhores in dow'r.
His breaſt to admiration prone
Enjoys the ſmile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppreſſive laws,
When SOMERSET avoids the great;
When cloy'd with merited applauſe,
She ſeeks the rural calm retreat;
Does ſhe not praiſe each moſſy ceil,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could ſhe not more delighted hear
Yon throſtle chaunt the riſing year?

Could

Could ſhe not ſpurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primroſe of the plains?
Does ſhe not ſweets in each fair valley find,
Loſt to the ſons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

Ah can ſhe covet there to ſee
The ſplendid ſlaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That ſlight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded ſpires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philoſophic ſtep retires:
While, ſtudious of the moral theme,
She to ſome ſmooth ſequeſter'd ſtream
Likens the ſwain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to ſurvey,
How cool, ſerene, and clear the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who ſlight the ſweetly-penſive mind!
On whoſe fair birth the graces mild,
And every muſe prophetic ſmil'd.
Not that the poet's boaſted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet ſwell;
Or on the muſic of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted ſweets of praiſe remove,
Yet ſhall ſuch boſoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;

Yet

Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
All nature's charms immense, and heaven's unbounded love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
And bid ARCADIA bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or thro' meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy!
While charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;
See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand theſe pleaſures with the name
Of ſoft, unſocial toils, of indolence and ſhame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful uſe alone;
There while the ſeeds of future bloſſoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the ſight, perfum'd to pleaſe
the ſmell.

Why knows the nightingale to ſing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why ſhines with paint the linnet's wing?
For ſuſtenance alone? for uſe?
For preſervation? Every ſphere
Shall bid fair pleaſure's rightful claim appear.

And ſure there ſeem, of human kind,
Some born to ſhun the ſolemn ſtrife;
Some for amuſive taſks deſign'd,
To ſoothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding roſe,
New founts of bliſs diſcloſe,
Call forth refreſhing ſhades, and decorate repoſe.

From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the ſons of fancy flew;
There long had Art ordain'd a rival ſeat;
There had ſhe laviſh'd all her care
To form a ſcene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat

To

To ſhare her proud controul;
Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of nature's pow'r,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each ruſtic limb anew,
And warp'd the very ſoul!

A while her magic ſtrikes the novel eye,
A while the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we ſeem to fly
On purple pinions thro' a purer ſky,
Where all is wonderous, all is bright:
Now landed on ſome ſpangled ſhore,
A while each dazzled maniac roves
By ſapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.
Paternal acres pleaſe no more;
Adieu the ſimple, the ſincere delight——
Th' habitual ſcene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the ſoil,
And drink the cup of thirſt, and eat the bread of toil.

But ſoon the pageant fades away!
'Tis nature only bears perpetual ſway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with ſplendour's irkſome beams.
Fancy again demands the ſight
Of native groves, and wonted ſtreams,

Pants for the ſcenes that charm'd her youthful
eyes,
Where Truth maintains her court, and baniſhes
diſguiſe.

Then hither oft ye ſenators retire,
With nature here high converſe hold;
For who like STAMFORD her delights admire,
Like STAMFORD ſhall with ſcorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the Britiſh oak's majeſtic ſhade,
Shall ſee fair Truth, immortal maid,
Friendſhip in artleſs guiſe array'd,
Honour, and Moral Beauty ſhine
With more attractive charms, with radiance
more divine.

Yes, here alone did higheſt heav'n ordain
The laſting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy ſeeks to ſhare,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever ſhould remain!

Her impulſe nothing may reſtrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
'Midſt all the city's artful trim,
To rear ſome breathleſs vapid flow'rs,
Or ſhrubs fuliginouſly grim:
From rooms of ſilken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far diſtant grove,
Where ſinit with undiſſembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her abſent love,

Borne

Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From these impartial heav'n demands
To spread the flame itself inspires;
To sift opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grott, or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
They only that deserve, enjoy.
What tho' nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,
Nor naiad near their fountains rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
A train of smiling virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

And though by faithleſs friends alarm'd,
Art have with Nature wag'd preſumptuous war;
By SEYMOUR's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united ſhine,
No longer ſhall their counſels jar.
'Tis hers to mediate the peace:
Near PERCY-lodge, with awe-ſtruck mien,
The rebel ſeeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention ceaſe.
I ſee the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair deſign;
Nature exalt the mound where art ſhall build;
Art ſhape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.

Begin, ye ſongſters of the grove!
O warble forth your nobleſt lay;
Where SOMERSET vouchſafes to rove,
Ye leverets freely ſport and play.
——Peace to the ſtrepent horn!
Let no harſh diſſonance diſturb the morn,
No ſounds inelegant and rude
Her ſacred ſolitudes profane!
Unleſs her candour not exclude
The lowly ſhepherd's votive ſtrain,
Who tunes his reed amidſt his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averſe, that SOMERSET ſhould hear.

ODE

ODE TO MEMORY. 1748.

O Memory! celeſtial maid!
Who glean'ſt the flow'rets cropt by time;
And, ſuffering not a leaf to fade,
Preſerv'ſt the bloſſoms of our prime;
Bring, bring thoſe moments to my mind
When life was new, and LESBIA kind.

And bring that garland to my ſight,
With which my favour'd crook ſhe bound;
And bring that wreath of roſes bright
Which then my feſtive temples crown'd.
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things ſhe deign'd to ſay.

And ſketch with care the muſe's bow'r,
Where ISIS rolls her ſilver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
That ſhines on CHERWELL's verdant ſide;
If ſo thou mayſt thoſe hours prolong,
When poliſh'd LYCON join'd my ſong.

The ſong it 'vails not to recite——
But ſure, to ſoothe our youthful dreams,
Thoſe banks and ſtreams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other ſtreams:
Or by thy ſoftening pencil ſhewn,
Aſſume they beauties not their own?

And paint that ſweetly vacant ſcene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My ſpirits light, my ſoul ſerene,
I breath'd in verſe one cordial vow;
That nothing ſhould my ſoul inſpire,
But friendſhip warm, and love entire.

Dull to the ſenſe of new delight,
On thee the drooping muſe attends;
As ſome fond lover, robb'd of ſight,
On thy expreſſive pow'r depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that ſhines.

But let me chaſe thoſe vows away
Which at ambition's ſhrine I made;
Nor ever let thy ſkill diſplay
Thoſe anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breaſt that ſeaſon raſe,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I beſtrode;
When pleas'd, in many a ſportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whiſtle that I blew.

Then will I muſe, and penſive ſay,
Why did not theſe enjoyments laſt?
How ſweetly waſted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waſte?
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleaſure yield us pain.

The

The Princeſs ELISABETH:

A Ballad alluding to a ſtory recorded of her, when ſhe was priſoner at WOODSTOCK, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great ELIZA captive lay?
Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and ſway?

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others ſlighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

"Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts purſue?

Malice never taught to treaſure,
Cenſure never taught to bear:
Love is all the ſhepherd's pleaſure;
Love is all the damſel's care.

How can they of humble ſtation
Vainly blame the pow'rs above?
Or accuſe the diſpenſation
Which allows them all to love?

Love

Love like air is widely given;
Pow'r nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of heaven!
Only pureſt on the plain!

Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his noſegay on his breaſt.

Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
Said to fade when CHLOE's near;
Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion;
But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowſlips all around her ſpringing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

Then,

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

Ruſtics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

ODE

ODE to a Young Lady,

Somewhat too ſolicitous about her manner of expreſſion.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid ſtream
Adown the ſmiling valley ſtray;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy ſhining hair
In looſe diſhevel'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care
Can there one ſingle grace beſtow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamel'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmoſt ſkill
Inſtruct one flow'r to pleaſe us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks diſcloſe;
And oh may LAURA, ere ſhe try,
With freſh vermilion paint the roſe.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every ſtudy'd grace excel;
Let art conſtrain the rambling note,
And will ſhe, LAURA, pleaſe ſo well?

Oh ever keep thy native eaſe,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For LAURA's voice is form'd to pleaſe,
So LAURA's words be not unkind.

NAN-

NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
Candidior cygnis, hedera formoſior alba!

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing ray;
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artleſs bower
Soft-warbled STREPHON's tongue;
He bleſs'd the ſcene, he bleſs'd the hour,
While NANCY's praiſe he ſung.

" Let fops with fickle falſehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden every grove:

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair ESHAM's dale!
And every bleſſing find its way
To NANCY of the Vale.

'Twas from AVONA's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And every ſhining glance diſplay'd
The naiad of the ſtreams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on AVON's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, ſprung,
And glittering near its ſide.

Freſh as the bordering flowers, her bloom:
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found;
And ſhadowing rocks, and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet!
Or fortune to her ſecret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline:
"Prove to your equals true," ſhe cry'd,
"As I will prove to mine.

'Tis STREPHON, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I thoſe charms forego;
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow."

ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Perſiſts my weary'd ſoul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, ſtrives to bring,
Or pleaſure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From paradiſe's honour'd groves,
Careleſs fatigues his little frame,
Nor finds the reſting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural moſſy bed
My limbs with careleſs eaſe reclin'd;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent ſpread
The ſame ſoft bandage o'er my mind.

For why ſhould lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly proſpect cloy?
Lend me, ſoft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'ſt thou yon calm and ſilent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempeſtuous wind that blows.

An altar on its bank ſhall riſe,
Where oft thy vot'ry ſhall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the ſkies,
And ſickening verdure fades around.

Ye

Ye buſy race, ye factious train,
That haunt ambition's guilty ſhrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puiſſant queen! be kind:
If e'er I ſhar'd thy balmy pow'r;
If e'er I ſway'd my active mind,
To weave for thee the rural bow'r;

Diſſolve in ſleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing ſigh remove;
And only let me wake to ſhare
The ſweets of friendſhip and of love.

ODE to HEALTH, 1730.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why doſt thou ſhun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hope to ſhare thy pow'r,
And bleſs thy laſting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether muſe or grace,
With tempting ſmile, frequent the place:
I ſigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy ſtay;
Thou yet mightſt act the friendly part;
Thou yet mightſt raiſe this languid heart;
Why ſpeed ſo ſwift away?

Thou ſcorn'ſt the city-air;
I breathe freſh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet haſt not thou my wiſhes crown'd,
O falſe! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And tho' with pureſt hands I raiſe
A rural altar to thy praiſe,
Thou wilt not deign to ſave.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boaſted name, and titles fair,
Why ſcorns thy foot to rove?

Thou

Thou hear'ſt the ſportſman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noiſe,
To drown the muſe's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, 'midſt his unremitting ſnows,
The poor LAPONIAN's boſom glows;
And ſhares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When tho' I ſcorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor ſaid a pray'r,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bleſs'd than I?
When the glad ſchool-boy's taſk was done,
And forth, with jocund ſp'rit, I run
To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What ſince have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loſs repay!

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor leſſen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could ſink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er

Whate'er my ſtars include;
What other breaſts convert to pain,
My tow'ring mind ſhall ſoon diſdain,
Should ſcorn —— Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And bleſs'd with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my ſoul ſhould dwell!

Temperance ſhould guard the doors;
From room to room ſhould memory ſtray,
And, ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleaſing ſtores ——

There let them reſt unknown,
The types of many a pleaſing ſcene;
But to preſerve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair queen! alone.

To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

AH! what is ſcience, what is art,
Or what the pleaſure theſe impart?
Ye trophies which the learn'd purſue
Through endleſs fruitleſs toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tombs beſtow,
To ſooth the miſeries they ſhow?
What, like the bliſs for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the ſimpleſt hind,
How rare that object which ſupplies
A charm for too diſcerning eyes!

The poliſh'd bard of genius vain,
Endures a deeper ſenſe of pain;
As each invading blaſt devours
The richeſt fruits, the faireſt flow'rs.

Sages, with irkſome waſte of time,
The ſteep aſcent of knowledge climb;
Then, from the tow'ring heights they ſcale,
Behold contentment range—the vale!

Yet why, ASTERIA, tell us why
We ſcorn the croud, when you are nigh;
Why then does reaſon ſeem ſo fair,
Why learning then deſerve our care?

Who

Who can unpleas'd your ſhelves behold,
While you ſo fair a proof unfold,
What force the brighteſt genius draws
From poliſh'd wiſdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What ſtrange perfection bids us own
That bliſs with toilſome ſcience dwells,
And happieſt he who moſt excels.

UPON

UPON A

VISIT to the ſame in Winter, 1748.

ON fair ASTERIA's bliſsful plains,
Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we paſs the winter's day,
And charm the dull-ey'd ſpleen away!

No linnet, from the leafleſs bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire ASTERIA's tongue,
Nor wiſh the linnet's vernal ſong.

No flow'rs emit their tranſient rays:
Yet ſure ASTERIA's wit diſplays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty ſhines.

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd ſtreams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams;
ASTERIA's preſence wakes the lyre,
And well ſupplies poetic fire.

The fields have loſt their lovely dye;
No cheerful azure decks the ſky;
Yet ſtill we bleſs the louring day:
ASTERIA ſmiles —— and all is gay.

Hence let the muſe no more preſume
To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
Accuſe his loitering hours no more;
But ah! their envious haſte deplore!

For

For ſoon, from wit and friendſhip's reign,
The ſocial hearth, the ſprightly vein,
I go — to meet the coming year,
On ſavage plains, and deſerts drear!

I go — to feed on pleaſures flown,
Nor find the ſpring my loſs atone!
But 'mid the flowery ſweets of May
With pride recall this winter's day.

AN

Irregular ODE after SICKNESS, 1749.

———*Melius, cum venerit ipſa, canemus.*

TOO long a ſtranger to repoſe,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I roſe,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with panſies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The ſun's forgotten beams:
O ſun! how pleaſing were thy rays,
Reflected from the poliſh'd face
Of yon refulgent ſtreams!

Rais'd by the ſcene my feeble tongue
Eſſay'd again the ſweets of ſong:
And thus in feeble ſtrains and flow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

" Come, gentle air! my languid limbs reſtore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian ſhore:
For ſure I heard the tender ſighs,
I ſeem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapleſs youths, who thro' the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfiniſh'd love:

To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the ſight of theſe ethereal ſkies;
Debarr'd the luſtre of their DELIA's eyes;
And baniſh'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jaſmin's breath divine,
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor ſpare the ſweet-leaft eglantine.
And mayſt thou ſhun the rugged ſtorm
Till Health her wonted charms explain,
With rural pleaſure in her train,
To greet me in her faireſt form.
While from this lofty mount I view
The ſons of earth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains beneath me ſtray,
And ſeek with erring ſtep contentment's obvious way.

Come, gentle air! and thou celeſtial muſe,
Thy genial flame infuſe;
Enough to lend a penſive boſom aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy ſhade;
Enough to rear ſuch ruſtic lays
As foes may ſlight, but partial friends will praiſe."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers;
Such as the bee, with chymic powers,
From HYBLA's fragrant hills inhales,
Or ſcents SABEA's blooming vales.

But

But ah! the nymphs that heal the penſive mind,
By preſcripts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan:
Oh, how ſhould they relieve?—the muſes all were flown.

By flowery plain, or woodland ſhades,
I fondly ſought the charming maids;
By woodland ſhades, or flow'ry plain,
I ſought them, faithleſs maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendſhip lead,
To viſit L * * * *'s honour'd bower.
Ah fooliſh man! to ſeek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near leſs verdant ſhades!

Scarce have my footſteps preſs'd the favour'd ground,
When ſounds ethereal ſtrike my ear;
At once celeſtial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The muſes here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careleſs mien,
The ſportive graces trip the green.

But whilſt I wander'd o'er a ſcene ſo fair,
Too well at one ſurvey I trace,
How every muſe, and every grace,
Had long employ'd their care.

Lurks not a ſtone enrich'd with lively ſtain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal ſtore,
Falls not a plume on INDIA's diſtant plain,
Glows not a ſhell on ADRIA's rocky ſhore,
But torn methought from native lands or ſeas,
From their arrangement, gain freſh pow'r to pleaſe.

And ſome had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeck'd with every ſhrub that blows;
And ſome entwin'd the willing ſprays,
To ſhield th' illuſtrious dame's repoſe:
Others had grac'd the ſprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or, 'mid the decorated ſpace,
Aſſign'd the laurel'd buſt a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of ſhow.
And now from every taſk withdrawn,
They met and friſk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! wo is me, ſaid I;
And * * *'s hilly circuit heard my cry,
Have I for this with labour ſtrove,
And laviſh'd all my little ſtore
To fence for you my ſhady grove,
And ſcollop every winding ſhore;
And fringe with every purple roſe,
The ſapphire ſtream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unſeen my votive ſhades,

When

When pale diſeaſe and torturing pain
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a reſtleſs couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted taſks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To ſwell the ſong, or plan the ſhade.
By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while ſhe marks the ſage command,
More lovely ſcenes her ſkill ſhall raiſe,
Her lyre reſound with nobler lays
Than ever you inſpir'd.
Thus I my rage and grief diſplay;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a grace or muſe return
Till LUXBOROUGH lead the way.

Written in a FLOWER-BOOK of my own colouring, deſigned for Lady PLYMOUTH. 1753-4.

Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ. HOR.

BRING, FLORA, bring thy treaſures here,
The pride of all the blooming year;
And let me thence a garland frame,
To crown this fair, this peerleſs dame!
But ah! ſince envious winter lours,
And HEWELL meads reſign their flow'rs,
Let art and friendſhip's joint eſſay
Diffuſe their flow'rets, in her way.
Not nature can herſelf prepare
A worthy wreath for LESBIA's hair,
Whoſe temper, like her forehead, ſmooth,
Whoſe thoughts and accents form'd to ſooth,
Whoſe pleaſing mien, and make refin'd,
Whoſe artleſs breaſt, and poliſh'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deſerv'd and won my PLYMOUTH's love.

ANACRE-

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'TWAS in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton CUPID, ſpent with toil,
Had ſought refreſhment from the ſhade;
And ſtretch'd him on the moſſy ſoil.

A vagrant muſe drew nigh, and found
The ſubtle traitor faſt aſleep;
And is it thine to ſnore profound,
She ſaid, yet leave the world to weep?

But huſh——from this auſpicious hour,
The world, I ween, may reſt in peace;
And robb'd of darts, and ſtript of pow'r,
Thy peeviſh petulance decreaſe.

Sleep on, poor child! whilſt I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Caſtalian fount ſhe ſaw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cauſe you ſoon to curſe the day
You dar'd the ſhafts of love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled ſway.

For in a ſtream ſo wonderous clear,
When angry CUPID ſearches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive ſpoils be found?

Too

Too ſoon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the muſe's myſtic ſpring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and ſing.

Then farewell ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to ſwell the lyre;
And echo aſks no ſweeter ſong.

ODE. Written in 1739.

Urit *ſpes animi credula mutui.* HOR.

'TWAS not by beauty's aid alone,
That Love uſurp'd his airy throne,
His boaſted pow'r diſplay'd:
'Tis kindneſs that ſecures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty firſt convey'd.

In CLARA's eyes the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the roſe's hue
Have all its ſweets combin'd;
Yet vain the bluſh, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes conſpire
To prove the charmer kind——

Tho' wit might gild the tempting ſnare,
With ſofteſt accent, ſweeteſt air,
By envy's ſelf admir'd;
If LESBIA's wit betray'd her ſcorn,
In vain might every grace adorn
What every muſe inſpir'd.

Thus airy STREPHON tun'd his lyre——
He ſcorn'd the pangs of wild deſire,
Which love-ſick ſwains endure:
Reſolv'd to brave the keeneſt dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And ſmiles——muſt ever cure.

But

But ah! how falſe theſe maxims prove,
How frail ſecurity from love,
Experience hourly ſhows!
Love can imagin'd ſmiles ſupply,
On every charming lip and eye
Eternal ſweets beſtows.

In vain we truſt the fair-one's eyes;
In vain the ſage explores the ſkies,
To learn from ſtars his fate:
Till led by fancy wide aſtray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wiſe——too late.

As partial to their words we prove,
Then boldly join the liſts of love,
With towering hopes ſupply'd;
So heroes, taught by doubtful ſhrines,
Miſtook their deity's deſigns,
Then took the field——and dy'd.

The DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit——— VIRG.

A Tear bedews my DELIA's eye,
To think yon playful kid muſt die;
From cryſtal ſpring, and flowery mead,
Muſt, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in ſportive circles round
She ſaw him wheel, and friſk, and bound;
From rock to rock purſue his way,
And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She ſaw him climb my ruſtic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And ſeem all raviſh'd at the ſight.

She tells, with what delight he ſtood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then ſkipt aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager ſpeed
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound,
And ſtedfaſt ear, devour'd the ſound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deſerves the gentle DELIA's care;

And

And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid muſt die.——

But knows my DELIA, timely wiſe,
How ſoon this blameleſs æra flies?
While violence and craft ſucceed;
Unfair deſign, and ruthleſs deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah ſoon, eras'd from every grove
Were DELIA's name, and STREPHON's love.

No more thoſe bow'rs might STREPHON ſee,
Where firſt he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more thoſe beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward paſſion ſoon would tear
His boſom, now ſo void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What but inſipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life ſo ſhort a date;
And I will join thy tendereſt ſighs,
To think that youth ſo ſwiftly flies!

SONGS,

SONGS, written chiefly between the years 1737 and 1742.

SONG I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were ſmall, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents ſpoke my fear,
That FLAVIA might not prove ſincere.

Of crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant ſheep that left my fold:
Of theſe ſhe heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not FLAVIA then ſincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a generous tear;
And is not FLAVIA then ſincere?

How, if ſhe deign'd my love to bleſs,
My FLAVIA muſt not hope for dreſs;
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear;
And FLAVIA ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my FLAVIA's love ſincere.

SONG II. The LANDSCAPE.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since DAPHNE was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see:
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG

SONG III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every Britiſh mind;
Be ſure ye ſoothe their amorous flames,
Be ſure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting ſighs away:
To mourn the night's oppreſſive gloom,
And faintly bleſs the riſing day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born ſwain,
A Britiſh youth ſhould vainly moan;
Who, ſcornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed ſpear, nor links of ſteel,
Could e'er thoſe gallant minds ſubdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleaſure feel,
And boaſt the fetters wrought by you.

SONG IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that gladd'ſt the ſkies,
To DAPHNE's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her the ſounds that ſoothe her ear,
To DAMON's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to DAMON's wo,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

SONG

SONG V.

Ah! ego non aliter triſtes evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te ſic quoque velle putem.

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial ſpring in vain!
A ſickly languor veils mine eyes,
And faſt my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
That ſmile on others, ſmile on me;
Mine eyes from death ſhall court repoſe,
Nor ſhed a tear before they cloſe.

What bliſs to me can ſeaſons bring?
Or what the needleſs pride of ſpring?
The cypreſs bough, that ſuits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine ſo freſh and fair,
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural ſtore ſome pleaſure yield;
So white a flock, ſo green a field!

My friends, that each in kindneſs vie,
Might well expect one parting ſigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was DAMON unſincere?

But ere I aſk once more to view
Yon ſetting ſun his race renew,
Inform me, ſwains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying DELIA join the prayer?

SONG VI. The Attribute of VENUS.

YES, FULVIA is like VENUS fair;
Has all her bloom, and ſhape, and air:
But ſtill, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the ſmile upon her face.

The crown majeſtic JUNO wore;
And CYNTHIA's brow the creſcent bore,
An helmet mark'd MINERVA's mien,
But ſmiles diſtinguiſh'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of ſmiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentleſt doves;
And from her zone, the nymph may find,
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then ſmile, my fair; and all whoſe aim
Aſpires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living ſtone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG VII. 1744.

THE lovely DELIA ſmiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can ſhe forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day:
A while we ſee the tempeſt lour;
Anon the radiant heav'n ſurvey,
And quite forget the flitting ſhow'r.

The flow'rs that hung their languid head,
Are burniſh'd by the tranſient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils ſpread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The ſprightly birds, that droop'd no leſs
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note, expreſs
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG

SONG VIII. 1742.

WHEN bright ROXANA treads the green,
In all the pride of dreſs and mien;
Averſe to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty ſtrikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roſes die.

But when, diſclaiming art, the fair
Aſſumes a ſoft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay:
The ſcene improves, where-e'er ſhe goes,
More ſweetly ſmile the pink and roſe.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy ſhepherd inſincere;
Pity a wild illuſive flame,
That varies objects ſtill the ſame:
And let their very changes prove
The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG

SONG IX. 1743. VALENTINE'S DAY.

'TIS said that under distant skies,
Nor you the fact deny,
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
Where blooms the sov'reign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns upon her friendly aid,
His health, his life depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flow'r,
To tempt a votary's pray'r!——
How would his humble homage tow'r
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
O'er FLAVIA's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

SONG

SONG X. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wonderous near,
That from theſe fountains bear my dear;
A little ſpace is giv'n; in vain;
She robs my ſight, and ſhuns the plain.

A little ſpace for me to prove
My boundleſs flame, my endleſs love;
And like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that ſpace devours.

Near yonder beech is DELIA's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eaſtern monarch's dazzling pride
Should draw my longing eyes aſide.

The chief, that knows of ſuccours nigh,
And ſees his mangled legions die,
Caſts not a more impatient glance,
To ſee the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the ſchoolboy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To ſee ſome friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's laſt embrace——

She comes—but ah! what crouds of beaus
In radiant bands my fair incloſe;
Oh! better hadſt thou ſhunn'd the green,
Oh DELIA! better far unſeen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my ſighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

SONG

SONG XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when FLAVIA's nigh;
Where wit and sense like hers agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle FLAVIA well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is—it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

SONG

SONG XII. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine;
My busy thoughts would fly before,
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills cou'd give delight,
No palace please mine eye:
No pyramid's aereal height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance,
Could I the pageant see:
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII.

The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the ſide of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whiſper'd the beech, and where mur-
mur'd the rill;
I vow'd to the muſes my time and my care,
Since neither cou'd win me the ſmiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I ſung,
And DELIA's lov'd name ſcarce eſcap'd from my
tongue:
But if once a ſmooth accent delighted my ear,
I ſhou'd wiſh, unawares, that my DELIA might hear.

With faireſt ideas my boſom I ſtor'd,
Alluſive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with ſtudy my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impreſſion ſhe made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I purſue,
I ſtill muſt my DELIA's dear image renew:
The graces have yielded with DELIA to rove,
And the muſes are all in alliance with love.

SONG XIV. The Rose-Bud.

SEE, Daphne, see, Florelio cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains too fond to shine
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade:
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As to the rose an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd —— You first, my swain,
Confine your sonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike disarms,
You, of your wit me of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
Or what the rose's bush, unseen?

SONG

SONG XV. WINTER. 1746.

NO more, ye warbling birds, rejoice :
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
Echo alone preſerves her voice,
And ſhe —— repeats my pain.

Where-e'er my love-ſick limbs I lay,
To ſhun the ruſhing wind,
Its buſy murmur ſeems to ſay,
" She never will be kind !"

The naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
In icy chains repine ;
And each in ſullen ſilence mourns
Her freedom loſt, like mine !

Soon will the ſun's returning rays
The cheerleſs froſt controul ;
When will relenting DELIA chaſe
The winter of my ſoul ?

SONG XVI. DAPHNE's Viſit.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay ſalute my love:
My DAPHNE, with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs! before her footſteps riſe,
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes,
That ſhe your opening charms may ſee:
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! bruſh each fragant flow'r,
And ſhed its odours round my bow'r:
Or never more, O gentle wind,
Shall I from thee refreſhment find.

Ye ſtreams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſooth my fair:
Or oh! 'twill deepen my deſpair.

And thou, my grot! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds,
May DAPHNE praiſe thy peaceful gloom;
Or thou ſhalt prove her DAMON's tomb.

SONG

SONG XVII. Written in a Collection of BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Not yet is thought ſo tedious grown,
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee, thro' yonder ſilent grove,
See yonder does my DAPHNE rove:
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The ſole confuſion I admire,
Is that my DAPHNE's eyes inſpire:
I ſcorn the madneſs you approve,
And value reaſon next to love.

SONG XVIII. Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, theſe are the ſcenes where with IRIS I
ſtray'd!
But ſhort was her ſway for ſo lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyſter ſhe run;
In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion muſt prove
So fatal to beauty, ſo killing to love!

Yes, theſe are the meadows, the ſhrubs and the
plains;
Once the ſcene of my pleaſures, the ſcene of my
pains;
How many ſoft moments I ſpent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my
love!
Be ſtill tho', my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the ſeaſon of love is no more.

With her how I ſtray'd amid fountains and bow'rs.
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
Then breathleſs with ardour my fair-one purſu'd,
And to think with what kindneſs my garland ſhe
view'd!
But be ſtill, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;
Fain wouldſt thou forget thou muſt love her no
more.

The

The HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
Does yonder halcyon ſpeed ſo faſt;
'Tis all becauſe ſhe would not loſe
Her fav'rite calm that will not laſt.

The ſun with azure paints the ſkies,
The ſtream reflects each flow'ry ſpray;
And frugal of her time, ſhe flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in ſome rocky cell remain;
To ſeek for pleaſure, well ſhe knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Deſcend, ſhe cries, thou hated ſhow'r,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have choſe a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my SILVIA, ſure will own
Life's azure ſeaſons ſwiftly roll:
And when our youth, or health is flown,
To think of love but ſhocks the ſoul.

Could DAMON but deſerve thy charms,
As thou art DAMON'S only theme;
He'd fly as quick to DELIA'S arms,
As yonder halcyon ſkims the ſtream.

ODE.

O D E.

SO dear my LUCIO is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That ſeaſons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O LYCON, born when every muſe,
When every grace benignant ſmil'd,
With all a parent's breaſt could chuſe
To bleſs her lov'd, her only child;
'Tis thine, ſo richly grac'd, to prove
More noble cares than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flow'ry tracks of time,
Together mus'd in ſearch of truth,
O'er learned ſage, or bard ſublime;
And well thy cultur'd breaſt I know,
What wondrous treaſure it can ſhow.

Come then, reſume thy charming lyre,
And ſing ſome patriot's worth ſublime,
Whilſt I, in fields of ſoft deſire,
Conſume my fair and fruitleſs prime;
Whoſe reed aſpires but to diſplay
The flame that burns me night and day.

O

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily ſooth thy ſtudious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And fame ſits liſtening for thy lays,
To ſwell her trump with LUCIO's praiſe.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the ſportſman from her neſt,
And flutt'ring on with anxious cries,
Too plainly ſhews her tortur'd breaſt:
O let him, conſcious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to ſpare.

A PASTORAL ODE,

To the Honourable

Sir RICHARD LYTTELTON.

THE morn diſpens'd a dubious light,
A ſullen miſt had ſtol'n from ſight
Each pleaſing vale and hill;
When DAMON left his humble bowers
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or check his wandering rill.

Tho' ſchool'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The ſwain beneath each louring ſky,
Would oft his fate bemoan;
That he, in ſylvan ſhades, forlorn!
Muſt waſte his cheerleſs even and morn,
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obſtreperous noiſe,
Yet to the whiſpers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe:
The pleaſures he thro' choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depreſs'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beſide,
Where coots in ruſhy dingles hide,
And moorcocks ſhun the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undiſmay'd,
Remark the ſwain's familiar ſhade,
And ſcorn to quit their prey.

But

But ſee, the radiant ſun once more
The brightening face of heaven reſtore,
And raiſe the doubtful dawn;
And more to gild his rural ſphere,
At once the brighteſt train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the ſhepherd's frame,
To think * BRIDGEWATER's honour'd name
Should grace his ruſtic cell;
That ſhe, on all whoſe motions wait
Diſtinction, titles, rank, and ſtate,
Should rove where ſhepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour ſway'd, by taſte refin'd,
Will nought but vice diſdain;
Nor will the breaſt where fancy glows
Deem every flower a weed, that blows
Amid the deſert plain.

Beſeems it ſuch, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:
At moſt ſuch garlands from the field,
As cowſlips, pinks, and panſies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet ſtrive, ye ſhepherds, ſtrive to find,
And weave the faireſt of the kind,
The prime of all the ſpring;
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

* The Ducheſs of BRIDGEWATER, married to Sir RICHARD LYTTELTON.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where-e'er the conſcious lake betray'd
ATHENIA's placid mien!
How did the ſprightlier linnets throng,
Where PAPHIA's charms requir'd the ſong,
'Mid hazel copſes green!

Lo, DARTMOUTH on thoſe banks reclin'd,
While buſy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder ſhed,
As thro' enchantment, ſhine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph deſcend to ſtray
From HAGLEY's fam'd retreat?
Elſe by the blooming features fair,
The faultleſs make, the matchleſs air,
'Twere CYNTHIA's form complete.

So would ſome tuberoſe delight,
That ſtruck the pilgrim's wondering ſight
'Mid lonely deſerts drear;
All as at eve, the ſovereign flow'r,
Diſpenſes round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Muſt I ambition's charms deride,
Her ſubtle force diſown;
No more of fawns or fairies dream,
While fancy, near each cryſtal ſtream,
Shall paint theſe forms alone?

By

By low-brow'd rock, or pathleſs mead,
I deem'd that ſplendour ne'er ſhould lead
My dazzled eyes aſtray;
But who, alas! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend
Its more illuſtrious ray:

Nor is it long—O plaintive ſwain!
Since GUERNSEY ſaw, without diſdain,
Where hid in woodlands green,
The * partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praiſe,
Had ſtol'n thro' life unſeen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since STAMFORD left his honour'd bower,
To ſmile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to diſcloſe
How fair that courteſy which flows
From ſocial warmth ſincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since POLLIO ſought this lonely ſhade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The nobleſt breaſt that virtue fires,
The graces love, the muſe inſpires,
Might pant for POLLIO's praiſe.

Say, THOMSON here was known to reſt,
For him yon vernal ſeat I dreſt,
Ah, never to return!

* They were ſchool-fellows.

In place of wit, and melting ſtrains,
And ſocial mirth, it now remains
To weep beſide his urn.

Come then, my LÆLIUS, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy ſhore
With roſes and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuſe,
That envy'd his impartial muſe
To ſing your early praiſe.

While PHILO, to whoſe favour'd ſight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmoſt wealth diſplays;
Beneath yon ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muſe, and with his friend recall
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too ſhall CONWAY's name appear,
He prais'd the ſtream ſo lovely clear,
That ſhone the reeds among;
Yet clearneſs could it not diſcloſe,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From CONWAY's poliſh'd tongue.

Ev'n PITT, whoſe fervent periods roll
Reſiſtleſs, thro' the kindling ſoul
Of ſenates, councils, kings!
Tho' form'd for courts, vouchaf'd to rove
Inglorious, thro' the ſhepherd's grove,
And ope his baſhful ſprings.

But what can courts diſcover more,
Than theſe rude haunts have ſeen before,

Each

Each fount and ſhady tree?
Have not theſe trees and fountains ſeen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerleſs AYLESBURY?

And GRENVILLE, ſhe whoſe radiant eyes
Have mark'd by ſlow gradation riſe
The princely piles of STOW;
Yet prais'd theſe unembelliſh'd woods,
And ſmil'd to ſee the babbling floods
Thro' ſelf-worn mazes flow.

Say, DARTMOUTH, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the penſive ſhade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the ſprightlineſs of youth,
By cool reflection ſway'd?

Brave, yet humane, ſhall SMITH appear,
Ye ſailors, tho' his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other ſpheres to charm,
The ſhepherds breaſts tho' mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O LYTTELTON! my honour'd gueſt,
Could I deſcribe thy generous breaſt,
Thy firm, yet poliſh'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conſpires with fame;
The ſong ſhould pleaſe mankind.

VERSES written towards the close of the year 1748, to WILLIAM LYTTELTON, Esq;

HOW blithely pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was ev'ry flow'r!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To visit DAMON' bow'r!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And DAMON's bow'r, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crouds and cities borne
In quest of joy they steer;
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O pensive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter, haste; usurp the sky;
Complete my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley caſt
Yon ſickening leaves retain ;
That ſpeak at once of pleaſure paſt,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbleſs'd, I gaze around,
My diſtant ſcenes require ;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill, and ſpire.

Tho' THOMSON, ſweet deſcriptive bard !
Inſpiring Autumn ſung ;
Yet how ſhould we the months regard,
That ſtopp'd his flowing tongue ?

Ah luckleſs months, of all the reſt,
To whoſe hard ſhare it fell !
For ſure he was the gentleſt breaſt
That ever ſung ſo well.

And ſee, the ſwallows now diſown
The roofs they lov'd before ;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad ſome happier ſhore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The ſportman's frantic deed ;
While hounds, and horns, and yells unite
To drown the muſe's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown !
Ye ſkies no longer blue !
Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
To bear theſe frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unfullied green ?
The zephyr's balmy gale ?
And where ſweet Friendſhip's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale ?

What tho' the vine diſcloſe her dyes,
And boaſt her purple ſtore ;
Not all the vineyard's rich ſupplies
Can ſoothe our ſorrows more.

He ! he is gone, whoſe moral ſtrain
Could wit and mirth refine ;
He ! he is gone, whoſe ſocial vein
Surpaſs'd the pow'r of wine.

Faſt by the ſtreams he deign'd to praiſe,
In yon ſequeſter'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raiſe ;
To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend ! forlorn and ſad,
I grave your THOMSON'S name ;
And there, his lyre ; which fate forbade
To ſound your growing fame.

There ſhall my plaintive ſong recount
Dark themes of hopeleſs wo ;
And, faſter than the dropping fount,
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in ſpite of Autumn, green,
Shall ſhade the hallow'd ground ;
And Spring will there again be ſeen,
To call forth flowers around.

But

But no kind ſuns will bid me ſhare,
Once more, his ſocial hour;
Ah Spring! thou never canſt repair
This loſs to DAMON's bow'r.

JEMMY

JEMMY DAWSON,

A BALLAD; written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.

COME liſten to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
Nor need you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

And thou, dear KITTY, peerleſs maid,
Do thou a penſive ear incline;
For thou canſt weep at every wo;
And pity every plaint——but mine.

Young DAWSON was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, ſhe lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damſel came;
And faultleſs was her beauteous form,
And ſpotleſs was her virgin fame.

But curſe on party's hateful ſtrife,
That led the favour'd youth aſtray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never ſeen that day!

Their

Their colours, and their ſaſh he wore,
And in the fatal dreſs was found;
And now he muſt that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keeneſt wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When JEMMY's ſentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine ſnows
So pale, or yet ſo chill appear.

With faltering voice, ſhe weeping ſaid,
Oh DAWSON, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to JEMMY's woes;
O GEORGE, without a pray'r for thee,
My oriſon ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

But though he ſhould be dragg'd in ſcorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He ſhall not want one conſtant friend
To ſhare the cruel fate's decree.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
The ſledge mov'd ſlowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible beheſts of law;
And the laſt ſcene of JEMMY's woes,
With calm and ſtedfaſt eye ſhe ſaw.

Diſtorted was that blooming face,
Which ſhe had fondly lov'd ſo long;
And ſtifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praiſe had ſweetly ſung:

And ſever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breaſt,
On which her love-ſick head repos'd:

And raviſh'd was that conſtant heart,
She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal ſtill to her.

Amid thoſe unrelenting flames,
She bore this conſtant heart to ſee;
But when 'twas moulder'd into duſt,
Yet, yet, ſhe cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can ſhew
The pure, the laſting love I bore;
Accept, O heav'n! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The

The diſmal ſcene was o'er and paſt,
The lover's mournful hearſe retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And ſighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' juſtice ever muſt prevail,
The tear my KITTY ſheds, is due;
For ſeldom ſhall ſhe hear a tale
So ſad, ſo tender, yet ſo true.

A

Paſtoral BALLAD, in four Parts.

Written in 1743.

Arbuſta humileſque myricæ. VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
—I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since

Since PHYLLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my ſolace where-ever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains are border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As——ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more; when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?

Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my PHYLLIDA ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
——But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh may PHYLLIS beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold?
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
"O PHYLLIS," he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine after a show'r?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."

Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
——Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
——Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe.
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be CORYDON's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.

Yet

Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

LEVITIES;

LEVITIES;

OR,

PIECES of HUMOUR.

FLIRT and PHIL;

A Deciſion for the LADIES.

A Wit by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To SIVIA made pretences;
They both profeſs'd an equal love:
Yet hop'd, by different means, to move
Her judgment, or her ſenſes.

Young ſprightly FLIRT, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the beſt minutes to be ſeen;
Went —— when his glaſs advis'd him:
While meagre PHIL of books inquir'd;
A wight, for wit and parts admir'd;
And witty ladies priz'd him.

SILVIA

SILVIA had wit, had ſpirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suſpended held the ſcales:
Her wit, her youth too claim'd its ſhare,
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up —— heads or tails.

STANZAS to the Memory of an agreeable LADY, buried in Marriage to a Perſon undeſerving her.

'TWAS always held, and ever will,
By ſage mankind, diſcreeter
T' anticipate a leſſer ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diſeaſes, pain,
And languiſhing conditions,
Who don't the leſſer ills ſuſtain
Of phyſic —— and phyſicians?

Rather than loſe his whole eſtate,
He that but little wife is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and exciſes.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For loſt ſhips not requiting:
This bears our noble K— to ſhun
The loſs of blood — in fighting!

With

With num'rous ills, in single life,
The bachelor's attended:
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended!

Poor GRATIA, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future wo,
Chose to attend a monkey here,
Before an ape below.

COLEMIRA.

A Culinary ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinae.

NIGHT's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed:
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated DAMON by the kitchen-fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground;
The little lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And purr around, and gently lick his face.

To all his 'plaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.

Such

Such gloomy ſcenes with lovers' minds agree,
And ſolitude to them is beſt ſociety,

Cou'd I (he cry'd) expreſs, how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning-hands, and well-waſh'd face;
Thou wouldſt, COLEMIRA, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or waſh thy face no more.

Ah! who can ſee, and ſeeing, not admire,
When e'er ſhe ſets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands out-ſhine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pot ſhe brings.

But ſure no chamber-damſel can compare,
When in meridian luſtre ſhines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the ſweat diſtills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently deſire,
To view thoſe roſy fingers ſtrike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I ſee 'em thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I ſhould not envy G—— his queen,
Tho' ſhe in royal grandeur deck'd be ſeen:
Whilſt rags, juſt ſever'd from my fair-one's gown,
In ruffet pomp, and greaſy pride hang down.

Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How wou'd that voice exceed the village-bell;
Wou'dſt thou but ſing, "I like thee paſſing well!"

When

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft, how easy did her accents flow!
"Get out, (she cry'd,) when strangers come to sup,
"One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,
Alas! I envy'd even that salute:
'Twas sure misplac'd,—SHOCK said, or seem'd to say,
He had as lief I had the kick as they.

If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O mayst thou ne'er by ÆOLUS be seen,
For he wou'd sure demand thee for his queen.

But shou'd the flame this rougher aid refuse,
And only gentler med'cines be of use;
With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er,
And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips no more!

With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen,
When this proud damsel has more humble been,
When with nice airs she hoist the pancake round,
And dropt it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace! what winning tricks!
The artful charmer rubs the candleſticks!
So bright ſhe makes the candleſticks ſhe handles,
Oft have I ſaid,—— there was no need of candles.

But thou, my fair! who never wouldſt approve,
Or hear, the tender ſtory of my love;
Or mind how burns my raging breaſt,—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breaſt of mutton.

Thus ſaid, and wept the ſad deſponding ſwain,
Revealing to the ſable walls his pain:
But nymphs are free with thoſe they ſhou'd deny;
To thoſe they love, more exquiſitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raiſe their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid ſtreams ariſe,
And ſmoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

The

The RAPE of the TRAP.

A BALLAD, 1737.

'TWAS in a land of learning,
The muſes fav'rite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As — tempt one to be witty.

All in a college-ſtudy,
Where books were in great plenty,
This rat wou'd devour
More ſenſe in an hour,
Than I cou'd write — in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin leſs refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taſte,
All other rats ſurpaſs'd;
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfaſt, half the morning,
He conſtantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For ev'ning-ſong,
His dinner ſcarce was ended!

He ſpar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And wou'd make no more
Of king ARTHUR's *, by the ſcore,
Than—all the world beſide does.

In books of geo-graphy,
He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a ſea
Was to him a diſh of tea;
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if ſome mawkiſh potion
Might chance to over-doſe him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic—to compoſe him—

A trap, in haſte and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't;
And ſuch was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He cou'd not, I think, get out on't.

With cheeſe, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact—I'll not belie it—
Since none—I tell you that—
Whether ſcholar or rat,
Minds books, when he has other diet.

* By BLACKMORE.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why ſhou'd I ſing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the ſleight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd 'em away together:

Both trap and bait were vaniſh'd,
Thro' a fracture in the flooring;
Which, tho' ſo trim
It now may ſeem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then anſwer this, ye ſages!
Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did ſeize on
The trap, leſs claim to reaſon,
Than many a ſcull among ye?

DAN PRIOR's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England's topſy-turvy,
Is clear from theſe miſhaps, Sir;
Since traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin * take our traps, Sir.

* Written at the time of the Spaniſh depredations.

Let ſophs, by rats infeſted,
Then truſt in cats to catch 'em;
Leſt they grow as learn'd as we,
In our ſtudies; where, d'ye ſee,
No mortal ſits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir;
And grant that the one
May quell the Spaniſh Don,
And t'other deſtroy our rats, Sir.

On certain PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneleſs are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian ſwain that ſings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

On Mr C—— of KIDDERMINSTER's Poetry.

Why faith, dear friend, 'tis KIDDERMINSTER* ſtuff,
And I do think you've meaſur'd out enough.

* KIDDERMINSTER, famous for a coarſe woollen manufacture.

To

To the VIRTUOSOS.

HAIL curious wights! to whom so fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
You make your sportsman sallies;
Or that your prey in gardens found
Is urg'd thro' walks and alleys.

Yet in the fury of the chace,
No slope cou'd e'er retard you;
Bless'd if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as CAMILLA * o'er the plain
Pursu'd the glitt'ring stranger;
Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat
To nature's filmy people;
Know what conserves they chuse to eat,
And what liqueurs to tipple.

And if her brood of insects dies,
You sage assistance lend her;
Can stoop to pimp for am'rous flies,
And help 'em to engender.

* See VIRGIL.

'Tis

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;
And when the birth's at hand,
Exerting your obstetric pow'r,
Prevent a mothless land.

Yet oh! howe'er your tow'ring view
Above gross objects rises,
Whate'er refinements you pursue,
Hear what a friend advises:

A friend, who, weigh'd with yours, must prize
DOMITIAN's idle passion,
That wrought the death of teasing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let FLAVIA's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To slight dame nature's fairest form,
And sigh for nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaus,
Nor more as triflers treat 'em:
'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,
Than cherish moths, that eat 'em.

The EXTENT of COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

WHEN TOM to CAMBRIDGE first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to LINCOLN'S-INN repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor COKE nor SALKELD he regards,
But gets into the house,
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs! ye bags give place!
Full-bottoms come instead!
Good L—d! to see the various ways
Of dressing—a calve's-head!

The

The PROGRESS of ADVICE.

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum eſt.

SAYS RICHARD to THOMAS, (and ſeem'd half afraid),
" I am thinking to marry thy miſtreſs's maid:
Now, becauſe Mrs LUCY to thee is well known,
I will do't if thou bidd'ſt me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jeſt on't, 'tis no jeſt to me;
For 'faith I'm in earneſt, ſo prithee be free.
I have no fault to find with the girl ſince I knew her,
But I'd have thy advice, e'er I tie myſelf to her."

Said THOMAS to RICHARD, " To ſpeak my opinion,
There is not ſuch a bitch in King GEORGE's dominion;
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'ſt her as I do,
Thou wou'dſt chuſe out a whipping-poſt, firſt to be ty'd to.

She's peeviſh, ſhe's thieviſh, ſhe's ugly, ſhe's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a ſlut, and a ſcold."
Next day RICHARD haſten'd to church and was wed,
And, ere night, had inform'd her what THOMAS had ſaid.

A

A BALLAD.

Trahit ſua quemque voluptas.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young ſquire,
To bring down a wife whom the ſwains might admire:
But in ſpite of whatever the mortal could ſay,
The goddeſs objected the length of the way!

To give up the op'ra, the park, and the ball,
For to view the ſtag's horns in an old country-hall;
To have neither China nor India to ſee!
Nor a lace-man to plague in a morning—not ſhe!

To forſake the dear playhouſe, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his loneſome abode,
O heav'ns! ſhe ſhou'd faint, ſhe ſhou'd die on the road!

To forget the gay faſhions and geſtures of France,
And to leave dear Auguſte in the midſt of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;
And ſhe wonder'd how folks had the face to deſire it.

She might yield to reſign the ſweet ſingers of Ruckholt,
Where the citizen-matron ſeduces her cuckold;

But

But Ranelagh ſoon wou'd her footſteps recall,
And the muſic, the lamps, and the glare of Vaux-
hall.

To be ſure ſhe could breathe no where elſe than in
town.
Thus ſhe talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honeſt Harry deſpair'd to ſucceed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SLENDER'S Ghoſt. *Vid.* SHAKESPEAR.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At duſk of eve methought I ſpy'd
Poor SLENDER'S ghoſt, that whimp'ring cry'd,
O ſweet, O ſweet ANNE PAGE!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who ſpoil the lily, rob the roſe,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:
O ſweet, O ſweet ANNE PAGE!

Why ſhou'd ſuch labour'd ſtrains
Your formal muſe engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breaſt, or pierc'd my heart,
But ſigh'd, O ſweet ANNE PAGE!

And

And you! whoſe love-ſick minds
No med'cine can aſſuage!
Accuſe the leech's art no more,
But learn of SLENDER to deplore;
O ſweet, O ſweet ANNE PAGE!

And ye! whoſe ſouls are held
Like linnets in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my ſtrains!
O ſweet, O ſweet ANNE PAGE!

And you who boaſt or grieve,
What horrid wars ye wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do, when I ſigh
O ſweet, O ſweet ANNE PAGE!

Hence ev'ry fond conceit
Of ſhepherd or of ſage!
'Tis SLENDER's voice, 'tis SLENDER's way
Expreſſes all you have to ſay,
O ſweet, O ſweet ANNE PAGE!

The INVIDIOUS. MART.

O Fortune! if my pray'r of old
Was ne'er ſolicitous for gold,
With better grace thou mayſt allow
My ſuppliant wiſh, that aſks it now.

Yet think not! goddeſs! I require it
For the ſame end your clowns deſire it.

In a well-made effectual ſtring,
Fain wou'd I ſee LIVIDIO ſwing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But ſuch a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddeſs! ſtore of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himſelf.

The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

Servum ſi potes, Ole, non habere;
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere. MART.

I Aſk'd a friend, amidſt the throng,
Whoſe coach it was that trail'd along:
"The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
That, with the footmen ſtuck behind."
O Sir! ſays he, what! han't ye ſeen it?
'Tis DAMON's coach, and DAMON in it.
'Tis odd methinks you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance DAMON!—"True;
But faith his equipage is new."
"Bleſs me," ſaid I, "where can it end?
What madneſs has poſſeſs'd my friend?
Four powder'd ſlaves, and thoſe the talleſt,
Their ſtomachs doubtleſs not the ſmalleſt!

Can

Can DAMON's revenue maintain,
In lace and food, ſo large a train?
I know his land—each inch o' ground—
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
If DAMON's whole eſtate can bear
To keep his lad, and one-horſe chair,
I own 'tis paſt my comprehenſion."
Yes, Sir, but DAMON has a penſion—
Thus does a falſe ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flick'ring knaves,
He grows himſelf the worſt of ſlaves.

HINT from VOITURE.

LET SOL his annual journeys run,
And when the radiant taſk is done,
Confeſs, thro' all the globe, 'twou'd poſe him,
To match the charms that CELIA ſhews him.

And ſhou'd he boaſt he once had ſeen
As juſt a form, as bright a mien,
Yet muſt it ſtill for ever poſe him,
To match—what CELIA never ſhews him.

INSCRIPTION.

To the memory
Of A. L. Eſquire,
Juſtice of the peace for this county:
Who, in the whole courſe of his pilgrimage
Thro' a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithſtanding the ſcoffs of ill-diſpos'd perſons,
And wits of the age,
That ridicul'd his behaviour,
Or cenſur'd his breeding;
Following the dictates of nature,
Deſiring to eaſe the afflicted,
Eager to ſet the priſoners at liberty,
Without having for his end
The noiſe, or report ſuch things generally cauſe
In the world,
(As he was ſeen to perform them of none),
But the ſole relief and happineſs
Of the party in diſtreſs;
Himſelf reſting eaſy,
When he cou'd render that ſo;
Not griping, or pinching himſelf,
To hoard up ſuperfluities;
Not coveting to keep in his poſſeſſion
What gives more diſquietude, than pleaſure;
But charitably diffuſing it
To all round about him:

Making

Making the moſt ſorrowful countenance
To ſmile
In his preſence;
Always beſtowing more than he was aſk'd,
Always imparting before he was deſir'd;
Not proceeding in this manner,
Upon every trivial ſuggeſtion,
But the moſt mature and ſolemn deliberation;
With an incredible preſence and undauntedneſs
Of mind;
With an inimitable gravity and œconomy
Of face;
Bidding loud defiance
To politeneſs and the faſhion,
Dar'd let a f—t.

To a FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er ſeen, my gentle 'ſquire,
The humours of your kitchen-fire?
Says NED to SAL, "I lead a ſpade,
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play ſomething—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to paſs the time away—
Phoo—how ſhe ſtands—biting her nails—
As tho' ſhe play'd for half her vales—
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—

That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
'Tis not worth while to think about it."
SAL thought, and thought, and miſs'd her aim,
And NED, ne'er ſtudying, won the game.
Methinks, old friend, 'tis wondrous true,
That verſe is but a game at loo.
While many a bard, that ſhews ſo clearly
He writes for his amuſement merely,
Is known to ſtudy, fret, and toil,
And play for nothing all the while;
Or praiſe at moſt; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er ſignify'd a farthing more:
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He ſees your flying pen obtain it.
Thro' fragrant ſcenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that PHOEBUS loves;
Where with ſtrange heats his boſom glows,
And myſtic flames the god beſtows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour-fire;
Write verſes—to defy the ſcorners,
In ſhit-houſes and chimney-corners.
SAL found her deep-laid ſchemes were vain,
The cards are cut—come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune cou'd never let NED loo her,
When ſhe had left it wholly to her.
Well, now who wins?—why, ſtill the ſame—
For SAL has loſt another game.
"I've done;" (ſhe mutter'd), "I was ſaying,
It did not argufy my playing.

Some

Some folks will win, they cannot chuſe,
But think or not think—ſome muſt loſe.
I may have won a game or ſo—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then—
Give me an ace of trumps and ſee,
Our NED will beat me with a three.
'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll ſuffer for it when he's marry'd."
Thus SAL, with tears in either eye;
While victor NED ſat titt'ring by.
Thus I, long envying your ſucceſs,
And bent to write, and ſtudy leſs,
Sat down, and ſcribbled in a trice,
Juſt what you ſee—and you deſpiſe.
You who can frame a tuneful ſong,
And hum it as you ride along;
And, trotting on the king's highway,
Snatch from the hedge a ſprig of bay;
Accept this verſe, howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in proſe.
What is this wreath, ſo green! ſo fair!
Which many wiſh, and few muſt wear?
Which ſome mens indolence can gain,
And ſome mens vigils ne'er obtain?
For what muſt SAL or poet ſue,
Ere they engage with NED or you?
For luck in verſe, for luck at loo?
Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And NED, thro' ſkill, ſecures the game.

A Solemn MEDITATION.

WHAT is this life, this active gueſt,
Which robs our peaceful clay of reſt?
This trifle, which while we retain,
Cauſes inquietude and pain?
This breath, which we no ſooner find,
Than in a moment 'tis reſign'd?
Whoſe momentary noiſe, when o'er,
Is never, never heard of more!
And even monarchs, when it ends,
Become offenſive to their friends;
Emit a putrid noiſome ſmell,
To thoſe that lov'd 'em e'er ſo well!

Pond'ring theſe things, within my heart,
Surely, ſaid I—Life is a f—t!

The

The POET and the DUN. 1741.

Theſe are meſſengers
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
SHAKESPEAR.

COMES a dun in the morning, and raps at my door—
"I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and more—
I'm ſorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—
But JOB wou'd be paid, Sir, had JOB been a mercer."
My friend, have but patience—"Ay theſe are your ways."
I have got but one ſhilling to ſerve me two days—
But Sir—prithee take it, and tell your attorney,
If I han't paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.
Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my paſſion,
And calmly conſider—conſider? vexation!
What whore that muſt paint, and muſt put on falſe locks,
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!
What beggar's wife's nephew, now ſtarv'd, and now beaten,
Who, wanting to eat, fears himſelf ſhall be eaten!
What porter, what turnſpit, can deem his caſe hard!
Or what dun boaſt of patience that thinks of a bard!
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,
Turn ſhoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get

Get love, and reſpect, and good living, and pelf,
And dun ſome poor dog of a poet myſelf.
One's credit, however, of courſe will grow better;
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.
"Dear Sir! I receiv'd your obliging epiſtle,
Your fame is ſecure—bid the critics go whiſtle.
I read over with wonder the poem you ſent me,
And I muſt ſpeak your praiſes, no ſoul ſhall prevent me.
The audience, believe me, cry'd out, ev'ry line
Was ſtrong, was affecting, was juſt, was divine;
All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,
And to hide ſuch a genius was—far from your duty.
I foreſee that the court will be hugely delighted.
Sir RICHARD, for much leſs a genius, was knighted.
Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye;
I cou'd ſay much more, but you're modeſt, I ſpare ye."
Quite fir'd with the flatt'ry, I call for my paper,
And waſte that, and health, and my time, and my taper:
I ſcribble till morn, when with wrath no ſmall ſtore,
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.
"Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make ſuch a pother,
Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

Written.

Written at an Inn at HENLEY.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in manſions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundleſs pow'r I reign;
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falſehood's ſpecious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuſe my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my ſordid ore,
Which lacqueys elſe might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in ſtore;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where-e'er his ſtages may have been,
May ſigh to think he ſtill has found
The warmeſt welcome at an inn.

A SIMILE.

WHAT village but has ſome time ſeen
The clumſy ſhape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and ſhagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you ſee;
Who with her plaſtic tongue alone,
Produc'd a viſage—like her own.—
And thus they hint, in myſtic faſhion,
The pow'rful force of education *—
Perhaps yon croud of ſwains is viewing,
E'en now, the ſtrange exploits of Bruin;
Who plays his antics, roars aloud;
The wonder of a gaping croud!
So have I known an awkward lad,
Whoſe birth has made a pariſh glad,
Forbid, for fear of ſenſe, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home,
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In ſenſe the ſame, in ſtature higher,
He ſhines, ere long, a rural ſquire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and ſwears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly ſtares.
His tenants of ſuperiour ſenſe
Carouze, and laugh, at his expenſe;
And deem the paſtime I'm relating,
To be as pleaſant as bear-baiting.

* Of a fond matron's education.

The

The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

"SIR, will you pleaſe to walk before?"
—No, pray, Sir—you are next the door.—
—"Upon mine honour, I'll not ſtir—"
Sir, I'm at home, conſider, Sir—
"Excuſe me, Sir, I'll not go firſt"—
Well, if I muſt be rude, I muſt—
But yet I wiſh I cou'd evade it—
'Tis ſtrangely clowniſh, be perſuaded—
Go forward, cits! go forward, ſquires!
Nor ſcruple each what each admires.
Life ſquares not, friends, with your proceeding;
It flies, while you diſplay your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or ſome old dancing-maſter teaches.
O for ſome rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at leaſt, half-mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly puſh you both down ſtairs!
But death's at hand—let me adviſe ye,
Go forward, friends! or he'll ſurpriſe ye.
Beſides, how inſincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forſwear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?
Such is my theme, which means to prove,
That, tho' we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is moſt in faſhion,
Precedence is our ruling paſſion.

When college-ſtudents take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endleſs fees,
What moves that ſcientific body,
But the firſt cutting at a gawdy?
And whence ſuch ſhoals, in bare conditions,
That ſtarve and languiſh as phyſicians,
Content to trudge the ſtreets, and ſtare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in CHARLOT's chamber (ſee
MOLIERE's *medecin malgre lui*)
The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before the apothecary.

FLAVIA in vain has wit and charms,
And all that ſhines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady MARY ranks before her.

O CELIA, gentle CELIA! tell us,
You who are neither vain, nor jealous!
The ſofteſt breaſt, the mildeſt mien!
Wou'd you not feel ſome little ſpleen,
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
If FLORIMEL, your equal now,
Shou'd, one day, gain precedence of ye?
Firſt ſerv'd—tho' in a diſh of coffee?
Plac'd firſt, altho' where you are found,
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd firſt, tho' not with half the fame,
That waits my charming CELIA's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inſpire
Our fix'd eſteem, and fond deſire!
Barely, where-e'er you go, to prove
The ſource of univerſal love!—

Yet

Yet be content, obſerving this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice:
And worth, howe'er you have purſu'd it,
Has now no pow'r—but to exclude it.
You'll find your general reputation
A kind of ſupplemental ſtation.
Poor SWIFT, with all his worth, cou'd ne'er,
He tells us, hope to riſe a peer;
So, to ſupply it, wrote for fame:
And well the wit ſecur'd his aim.
A common patriot has a drift
Not quite ſo innocent as SWIFT:
In BRITAIN'S cauſe he rants, he labours;
"He's honeſt, faith"--have patience, neighbours!
For patriots may ſometimes deceive,
May beg their friends reluctant leave,
To ſerve them in a higher ſphere;
And drop their virtue, to get there.—
As LUCIAN tells us, in his faſhion,
How ſouls put off each earthly paſſion,
Ere on ELYSIUM'S flow'ry ſtrand,
Old CHARON ſuffer'd 'em to land;
So ere we meet a court's careſſes,
No doubt our ſouls muſt change their dreſſes:
And ſouls there be, who, bound that way,
Attire themſelves ten times a-day.
If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And ſaints alike and ſinners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along;
For which ſuch ſervile toils are ſeen,
Who's happier than a king?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female paſſion:
Women, and beaux, beyond all meaſure
Are charm'd with rank's ecſtatic pleaſure.
Sir, if your drift I rightly ſcan,
You'd hint a beau were not a man:
Say, women then are fond of places;
I wave all diſputable caſes.
A man perhaps would ſomething linger,
Were his lov'd rank to coſt—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
He might delib'rate once or twice on't;
Perhaps aſk GATAKER's advice on't.
And many, as their frame grows old,
Wou'd hardly purchaſe it with gold.
But women wiſh precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's ſupreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And ſtrongly animates their age.
Perhaps they would not ſell outright,
Or maim a limb—that was in ſight;
Yet, on worſe terms, they ſometimes chuſe it;
Nor, ev'n in puniſhments, refuſe it.
Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience, and your ear,
An argument ſhall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beſide my title ſays, a tale.
Where AVON rolls her winding ſtream,
AVON, the Muſe's fav'rite theme!

AVON,

AVON, that fills the farmers purſes,
And decks with flow'rs both farms and verſes,
She viſits many a fertile vale——
Such was the ſcene of this my tale.
For 'tis in EV'SHAM'S vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell, and hear it.
The ſoil with annual plenty bleſs'd
Was by young CORYDON poſſeſs'd.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As moſt material to my ſtory:
For ſtrength and vigour too, he had 'em,
And 'twere not much amiſs, to add 'em.
Thrice happy lout! whoſe wide domain
Now green with graſs, now gilt with grain,
In ruſſet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with ſheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulſe's bloom,
Might well with bright alluſion ſtore me;
—But happier bards have been before me!
Amongſt the various year's increaſe,
The ſtripling own'd a field of peaſe;
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by ſome female neighbours.
Each morn diſcover'd to his ſight
The ſhameful havock of the night;
Traces of this they left behind 'em,
But no inſtructions where to find 'em.
The devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have ſeen the devil.
Old NOLL, indeed, if we may credit
The words of ECHARD, who has ſaid it,

Contriv'd with SATAN how to fool us;
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
But then old NOLL was one in ten,
And fought him more than other men.
Our ſhepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He roſe one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambuſh lay:
When lo! a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years.
Smiling, amidſt the peaſe, the ſinners
Sat down to cull their future dinners;
And, caring little who might own 'em,
Made free as tho' themſelves had ſown 'em.
'Tis worth a ſage's obſervation,
How love can make a jeſt of paſſion.
Anger had forc'd the ſwain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now baniſh'd anger out o' door;
And claim'd the debt with-held before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a ſmile:
And knowing well 'twas all grimace,
To threaten with a ſmiling face,
He in few words expreſs'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.
The am'rous youth, for their offence,
Demanded inſtant recompenſe:
That recompenſe from each, which ſhame
Forbids a baſhful muſe to name.

Yet,

Yet, more this ſentence to diſcover,
'Tis what BETT * * grants her lover,
When he, to make the ſtrumpet willing,
Has ſpent his fortune—to a ſhilling.
Each ſtood a while, as 'twere ſuſpended,
And loath to do, what—each intended.
At length, with ſoft pathetic ſighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies.
'Tis vain to ſtrive—juſtice, I know,
And our ill ſtars will have it ſo——
But let my tears your wrath aſſuage,
And ſhew ſome deference for age!
I from a diſtant village came,
Am old, G— knows, and ſomething lame;
And if we yield, as yield we muſt,
Diſpatch my crazy body firſt.
Our ſhepherd, like the Phrygian ſwain,
When circled round on IDA's plain,
With goddeſſes he ſtood ſuſpended,
And PALLAS's grave ſpeech was ended,
Own'd what ſhe aſk'd might be his duty;
But paid the compliment to beauty.

ODE

O D E

To be performed by Dr BRETTLE, and a Chorus of HALES-OWEN CITIZENS.

The Inſtrumental Part, a Viol d'Amour.

AIR by the DOCTOR.

AWAKE! I ſay, awake, good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come let's be merry; ſtir the tipple;
How can you ſleep,
Whilſt I do play? how can you ſleep, *&c.*

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great muſician!
On drowſy ſouls ſome pity take!
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy ſtrains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO by the DOCTOR.

Hear but this ſtrain—'twas made by HANDEL,
A wight of ſkill, and judgment deep!
Zooners they're gone—SAL, bring a candle——
No, here is one, and he's aſleep.

DU-

DUETTE.

DR.—How cou'd they go, Soft muſic.
Whilſt I do play?
SAL. How cou'd they go? Warlike muſic.
How ſhou'd they ſtay?

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

WELL, ladies—ſo much for the tragic ſtyle—
And now the cuſtom is to make you ſmile.
To make us ſmile!—methinks I hear you ſay—
Why, who can help it at ſo ſtrange a play?
The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultleſs conduct of his virtuous dame!
My ſtars!—what gentle belle would think it treaſon,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute ſome reaſon?
Out of my houſe!—this night, forſooth, depart!
A modern wife had ſaid—"With all my heart—
But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!
Order your coach—conduct me ſafe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."
Such is the language of each modiſh fair!
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modeſty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth;
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor ſtar'd at public places,
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:

Then

Then plain domeſtic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dream'd of happineſs abroad;
They lov'd their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
Thoſe times are paſt—yet ſure they merit praiſe,
For marriage triumph'd in thoſe golden days:
By chaſte decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondneſs what they won maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring thoſe days agen,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtleſs men;
Make beauty's luſtre amiable as bright,
And give the ſoul, as well as ſenſe, delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantaſtic age,
That ſcorns the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage.
Let truth and tenderneſs your breaſts adorn,
The marriage-chain with tranſport ſhall be worn;
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride,
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compoſe the jars of ſtrife,
And pour the balm that ſweetens human life.

MORAL

MORAL PIECES.

THE

JUDGMENT of HERCULES.

WHILE blooming ſpring deſcends from genial ſkies,
By whoſe mild influence inſtant wonders riſe;
From whoſe ſoft breath Elyſian beauties flow;
The ſweets of HAGLEY, or the pride of STOWE;
Will LYTTELTON the rural landſcape range,
Leave noiſy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early ſcenes,
And learn a moral from the riſing greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,
The weed, aſpiring, emulates the flow'r:
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms diſplay'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their gen'rous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invaſive foe's deſigns,
The lively luſtre of theſe ſcenes declines!
'Tis thus, the ſpring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival ſeeds of ſtrife.

Then

Then paſſion riots, reaſon then contends;
And on the conqueſt ev'ry bliſs depends:
Life from the nice deciſion takes its hue;
And bleſs'd thoſe judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs ſhall ev'ry bliſs attend:
The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are, who blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
As fortune gives examples, urge their way:
Not virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline,
And ſcarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join,
In her's, or vice's caſual road advance,
Thoughtleſs, the ſinners or the ſaints of chance!
Yet ſome more nobly ſcorn the vulgar voice;
With judgment fix, with zeal purſue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reaſon born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While paſſion's lawleſs tides, at their command,
Glide thro' more uſeful tracts, and bleſs the land.

Happieſt of theſe is he whoſe matchleſs mind,
By learning ſtrengthen'd, and by taſte refin'd,
In virtue's cauſe eſſay'd its earlieſt pow'rs;
Choſe virtue's paths, and ſtrew'd her paths with flow'rs.
The firſt alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:
The fitteſt to adorn each art ſhe brings:
Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires;
Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry muſe inſpires:
Bleſs'd in the tuneful art, the ſocial flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits fame!
'Twas youth's perplexing ſtage his doubts inſpir'd,
When great ALCIDES to a grove retir'd.

Thro'

Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,
Reſign'd to thought, with ling'ring ſteps he ſtray'd;
Bleſs'd with a mind to taſte ſincerer joys;
Arm'd with a heart each falſe one to deſpiſe.
Dubious he ſtray'd, with wav'ring thoughts poſſeſt,
Alternate paſſions ſtruggling ſhar'd his breaſt;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd:
Anxious, if fame an equal bliſs ſecur'd;
Or ſilent eaſe with ſofter charms allur'd.
The ſilvan choir whoſe numbers ſweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd;
The ſilver flood that in meanders led
His glitt'ring ſtreams along th' enliven'd mead;
The ſoothing breeze, and all thoſe beauties join'd,
Which, whilſt they pleaſe, effeminate the mind.
In vain! while diſtant, on a ſummit rais'd,
Th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd.
While thus he trac'd thro' fancy's puzzling maze
The ſep'rate ſweets of pleaſure, and of praiſe;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new luſtre gain'd upon the ſhade.
At once, before his wond'ring eyes were ſeen
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.
Various their charms; and, in their dreſs and face,
Each ſeem'd to vie with ſome peculiar grace.
This, whoſe attire leſs clogg'd with art appear'd,
The ſimple ſweets of innocence endear'd.
Her ſprightly bloom, her quick ſagacious eye,
Shew'd native merit mix'd with modeſty.
Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
Severely ſweet, and innocently gay.

Such the chaſte image of the martial maid,
In artleſs folds of virgin white array'd!
She let no borrow'd roſe her cheeks adorn,
Her bluſhing cheeks, that ſham'd the purple morn.
Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,
Or ſtudy'd geſtures, or well-practis'd ſmiles.
She ſcorn'd the toys which render beauty leſs;
She prov'd th' engaging chaſtity of dreſs;
And while ſhe choſe in native charms to ſhine,
Ev'n thus ſhe ſeem'd, nay more than ſeem'd, divine.
One modeſt em'rald claſp'd the robe ſhe wore,
And in her hand th' imperial ſword ſhe bore.
Sublime her height, majeſtic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The ſhrubs, the flow'rs, that deck the verdant ground,
Seem'd, where ſhe trod, with riſing luſtre crown'd.
Still her approach with ſtronger influence warm'd;
She pleas'd, while diſtant, but, when near, ſhe charm'd.
So ſtrikes the gazer's eye, the ſilver gleam
That glitt'ring quivers o'er a diſtant ſtream:
But from its banks we ſee new beauties riſe,
And in its cryſtal boſom trace the ſkies.
With other charms the rival viſion glow'd,
And from her dreſs her tinſel beauties flow'd.
A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd ſhape conceal'd,
And ſeem'd to ſhade the charms it beſt reveal'd.
Its form contriv'd her faulty ſize to grace;
Its hue to give freſh luſtre to her face.
Her plaited hair diſguis'd with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring luſtre ſhar'd;

The

The gaudy topaz lent its gay ſupplies,
And ev'ry gem that ſtrikes leſs curious eyes;
Expos'd her breaſt with foreign ſweets perfum'd;
And, round her brow, a roſeate garland bloom'd.
Soft-ſmiling, bluſhing lips conceal'd her wiles;
Yet ah! the bluſhes artful as the ſmiles.
Oft gazing on her ſhade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the ſubſtance well deſerv'd her care:
Her thoughts, to other's charms malignly blind,
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd;
And if on other's eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.
Much like her guardian, fair CYTHERA's queen,
When for her warriour ſhe refines her mien;
Or when, to bleſs her DELIAN fav'rite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms.
Much like her pupil, EGYPT's ſportive dame,
Her dreſs expreſſive, and her air the ſame,
When her gay bark o'er ſilver CYDNOS roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd ſtreamers wav'd in gold.
Such ſhone the viſion; nor forbore to move,
The fond contagious airs of lawleſs love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And am'rous dimples on each cheek conſpir'd.
Lifeleſs her gait, and flow, with ſeeming pain,
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;
Yet made ſome faint efforts, and firſt approach'd
the ſwain.
So glaring draughts, with taudry luſtre bright,
Spring to the view, and ruſh upon the ſight:
More ſlowly charms a RAPHAEL's chaſter air,
Waits the calm ſearch, and pays the ſearcher's care.

Wrapt in a pleas'd ſuſpenſe, the youth ſurvey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid:
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inſpir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleaſure ran,
When ſhe, who firſt approach'd him, firſt began.

"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wand'ring eyes;
'Tis here the lovely vale of pleaſure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life reſign;
Each ſweet which nature can diffuſe is mine.
For me the nymph diverſifies her pow'r,
Springs in a tree, or bloſſoms in a flow'r;
To pleaſe my ear, ſhe tunes the linnet's ſtrains;
To pleaſe my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch, in moſſy beds ſhe grows;
To gratify my ſmell, perfumes the roſe;
Reveals the fair, the fertile ſcene you ſee,
And ſwells the vegetable world for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war purſue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
Where chance from courage claims the boaſted prize:
Where, tho' ſhe give, your country oft denies.
Induſtrious thou ſhalt CUPID's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his ſoft campaign.
His darts alone ſhalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only ſuffer, to enjoy the cure.
Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs ſhall riſe,
And fire thy breaſt, and bleſs thy raviſh'd eyes,
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer roſe ſhall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear;
Where fondly thou thy favour'd head ſhalt reſt,
Soft as the down that ſwells the cygnet's neſt!

While

While PHILOMEL in each ſoft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous ſtrains;
Whilſt, with each accent, ſweeteſt odours flow;
And ſpicy gums round ev'ry boſom glow.
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in ſuch luxury of ſweets expire.
At ſloth let war's victorious ſons exclaim;
In vain! for Pleaſure is my real name:
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
No, ſeek thou roſes to adorn thy own:
For well each op'ning ſcene, that claims my care,
Suits and deſerves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy ſoul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter ſtill on thine.
Indulgent BACCHUS loads his lab'ring tree,
And, guarding, gives its cluſt'ring ſweets to me.
For my lov'd train, APOLLO's piercing beam
Darts thro' the paſſive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cauſe conſenting gods employ'd,
Nor ſlight thoſe gods, their bleſſings unenjoy'd!
For thee the poplar ſhall its amber drain;
For thee, in clouded beauty, ſpring the cane;
Some coſtly tribute ev'ry clime ſhall pay;
Some charming treaſure ev'ry wind convey;
Each object round ſome pleaſing ſcene ſhall yield;
Art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field;
Of CORINTH's order ſhall the ſtructure riſe;
The ſpiring turrets glitter thro' the ſkies;
Thy coſtly robe ſhall glow with Tyrian rays;
Thy vaſe ſhall ſparkle, and thy car ſhall blaze;

Yet thou, whatever pomp the ſun diſplay,
Shalt own the am'rous night exceeds the day.
When melting flutes, and ſweetly-ſounding lyres
Wake the gay loves, and cite the young deſires;
Or, in th' Ionian dance, ſome fav'rite maid
Improves the flame her ſparkling eyes convey'd;
Think, canſt thou quit a glowing DELIA's arms,
To feed on virtue's viſionary charms?
Or ſlight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen ſage?
To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap diſgrace?
O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd loveliеſt charmer pleads with me.
She, whoſe ſoft ſmile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whoſe endearments years, like moments, flew;
For whoſe endearments millions ſeem'd too few;
She, ſhe implores; ſhe bids thee ſeize the prime,
And tread with her the flow'ry tracts of time;
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life beſtow
On ſome cold lover, or inſulting foe.
Think, if againſt that tongue thou canſt rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reaſon ſeem'd to dwell;
What ſtrong perſuaſion arms her ſofter ſighs!
What full conviction ſparkles in her eyes!
See nature ſmiles, and birds ſalute the ſhade,
Where breathing jaſmin ſcreens the ſleeping maid:
And ſuch her charms, as to the vain may prove,
Ambition ſeeks more humble joys than love!
Their buſy toil ſhall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor ſciences perplex thy lab'ring brain:

Or

Or none, but what with equal ſweets invite ;
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight :
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praiſe a pendant, or to grace a ring ;
To fix the dreſs that ſuits each varying mien ;
To ſhew where beſt the cluſtering gems are ſeen ;
To ſigh ſoft ſtrains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the ſweet effects of love !
Nor fear to find a coy diſdainful muſe ;
Nor think the ſiſters will their aid refuſe.
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or ſilent ſhades,
Soft ſcenes of leiſure ! ſuit th' harmonious maids ;
And all the wiſe, and all the grave decree
Some of that ſacred train ally'd to me.

But if more ſpecious eaſe thy wiſhes claim,
And thy breaſt glow with faint deſire of fame,
Some ſofter ſcience ſhall thy thoughts amuſe,
And learning's name a ſolemn ſound diffuſe :
To thee all nature's curious ſtores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an inſect's wings ;
The plant, which nature, leſs diffuſely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd ;
The ſhell ſhe ſcatters with more careleſs air,
And, in her frolics, ſeems ſupremely fair :
The worth that dazzles in the tulip's ſtains,
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averſe to war's alarms,
Shall o'er thy head diffuſe his ſofteſt charms ;
Ere anxious thought thy dear repoſe aſſail,
Or care, my moſt deſtructive foe, prevail.
The wat'ry nymphs ſhall tune the vocal vales,
And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,

For

For thy repoſe, inform, with rival joy,
Their ſtreams to murmur, and their winds to ſigh.
Thus ſhalt thou ſpend the ſweetly-flowing day,
Till loſt in bliſs thou breathe thy ſoul away:
Till ſhe t' Elyſian bow'rs of joy repair,
Nor find my charming ſcenes exceeded there."
She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
One tender hand her drooping head ſuſtains;
One points, expreſſive, to the flow'ry plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll
Deep in his breaſt, to melt his manly ſoul:
As when FAVONIUS joins the ſolar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the froſt decays.
Soon, to his breaſt, the ſoft harangue convey'd
Reſolves too partial to the ſpecious maid.
He ſigh'd, he gaz'd, ſo ſweetly ſmil'd the dame;
Yet ſighing, gazing, ſeem'd to ſcorn his flame;
And, oft as Virtue caught his wand'ring eye,
A crimſon bluſh condemn'd the riſing ſigh.
'Twas ſuch the ling'ring TROJAN's ſhame betray'd,
When MAIA's ſon the frown of JOVE diſplay'd:
When wealth, fame, empire, cou'd no balance prove
For the ſoft reign of DIDO, and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conſpires;
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!
Some hov'ring doubts his anxious boſom mov'd,
And virtue, zealous fair! thoſe doubts improv'd.
"Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by ſuch fantaſtic ſcenes betray'd.
Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be ſeen,
And the dry turf diſcloſe a fainter green;

Tho'

Tho' no gay roſe, or flow'ry product ſhine,
The barren ſurface ſtill conceals the mine.
Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
In virtue's path, ſuperiour ſweets beſtows—
Yet ſhou'd thoſe boaſted ſpecious toys allure,
Whence cou'd ſond ſloth the flatt'ring gifts procure?
The various wealth that tempts thy fond deſire,
'Tis I alone, her greateſt foe, acquire.
I from old ocean rob the treaſur'd ſtore;
I thro' each region, latent gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged brilliant firſt reveal'd,
By numerous ſtrata deep in earth conceal'd;
'Tis I the ſurface yet refine, and ſhew
The modeſt gem's intrinſic charms to glow.
Nor ſwells the grape, nor ſpires its feeble tree,
Without the firm ſupports of induſtry.
But grant we ſloth the ſcene herſelf has drawn,
The moſſy grotto, and the flow'ry lawn;
Let PHILOMELA tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal ſweets exhale;
Let gay POMONA flight the plains around,
And chuſe, for faireſt fruits, the favour'd ground
To bleſs the fertile vale ſhou'd virtue ceaſe,
Nor moſſy grots, nor flow'ry lawns cou'd pleaſe;
Nor gay POMONA's luſcious gifts avail,
The ſound harmonious, or the ſpicy gale.
Seeſt thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp ariſe,
Whoſe rugged cliffs deform th' encircling ſkies?
Thoſe fields, whence PHOEBUS all their moiſture drains,
And, too profuſely fond, diſrobes the plains?

When

When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.
The form thou view'st, to ev'ry scene with ease
Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,
And the lone wand'rer with my presence cheer'd;
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
And call'd that desert blissful solitude!

Nor I alone to such extend my care:
Fair-blooming Health surveys her altars there.
Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reflected lustre gild the plains.
With her, in flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.
One ready off'ring suits each neighb'ring shrine;
And all obey their laws, who practise mine.

But health averse from sloth's smooth region flies;
And, in her absence, pleasure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.
A galaxy of pow'rs! whose forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor will soft sleep to sloth's request incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.

Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
Where she relentless reigns without controul,
And checks each gay excursion of the soul:
Unmov'd, tho' beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms:

Till

Till joyleſs indolence ſuggeſts deſires;
Or drugs are ſought to furniſh languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliſs, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats, apply'd to thirſty lands,
Produce no flow'rs, and but debaſe the ſands.
But let fair Health her cheering ſmiles impart,
How ſweet is nature, how ſuperfluous art!
'Tis ſhe the fountain's ready draught commends,
And ſmooths the flinty couch which fortune lends.
And, when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay boſom with unuſual fires,
And, while no checks th'unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine ſweets of love.
His faireſt proſpect riſing trophies frame:
His ſweeteſt muſic is the voice of fame;
Pleaſures to ſloth unknown! ſhe never found
How fair the proſpect, or how ſweet the ſound.
See Fame's gay ſtructure from yon ſummit charms,
And fires the manly breaſt to arts or arms:
Nor dread the ſteep aſcent, by which you riſe
From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the ſkies.
Love, fame, eſteem, 'tis labour muſt acquire;
The ſmiling offspring of a rigid ſire!
To fix the friend, your ſervice muſt be ſhewn;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wond'ring GREECE your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may ſtring for you their lyre,

That

That books may praiſe, or coins record your name,
Such, ſuch rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the ſame column which diſplays to view
The conqu'ror's name, diſplays the conqueſt too.
'Twas ſlow Experience, tedious miſtreſs! taught
All that e'er nobly ſpoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas ſhe the patriot, ſhe the bard refin'd,
In arts that ſerve, protect, or pleaſe mankind.
Not the vain viſions of inactive ſchools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules
E'er form'd the man whoſe gen'rous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to ſerve his friends.
On active worth the laurel war beſtows:
Peace rears her olive for induſtrious brows;
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind ſupplies:
Nor heav'n its ſhow'rs, without a ſacrifice.
See far below ſuch grov'ling ſcenes of ſhame,
As lull to reſt IGNAVIA's ſlumb'ring dame.
Her friends, from all the toils of fame ſecure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cauſe engage,
A youth enervate, and a painful age!
A ſickly ſapleſs maſs, if reaſon flies;
And, if ſhe linger, impotently wiſe!
A thoughtleſs train, who pamper'd, ſleek, and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away;
From life's freſh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they leaſt can bear.
When to the mind, diſeas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection ſhall the mind ſupply?

When,

When, with loſt health, what ſhou'd the loſs allay,
Peace, peace is loſt : a comfortleſs decay !
But to my friends, when youth, when pleaſure
flies,
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Thro' death's dark viſta flowery tracts are ſeen,
Elyſian plains, and groves for ever green.
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they caſt,
Theirs is the preſent who can praiſe the paſt.
Life has its bliſs for theſe, when paſt its bloom,
As wither'd roſes yield a late perfume.
Serene, and ſafe from paſſion's ſtormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age !
Of the rude voyage leſs depriv'd than eas'd ;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diſeas'd.
For health on age, 'tis temp'rance muſt beſtow ;
And peace from piety alone can flow ;
And all the incenſe bounteous JOVE requires,
Has ſweets for him who feeds the ſacred fires.—
Sloth views the tow'rs of fame with envious eyes ;
Deſirous ſtill, ſtill impotent to riſe.
Oft, when reſolv'd to gain thoſe bliſsful tow'rs,
The penſive queen the dire aſcent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some ſilvan muſic, or ſome ſcented breeze :
She turns her head, her own gay realm ſhe ſpies,
And all the ſhort-liv'd reſolution dies.
Thus ſome fond inſect's falt'ring pinions wave,
Claſp'd in its fav'rite ſweets, a laſting ſlave :
And thus in vain theſe charming viſions pleaſe
The wretch of glory, and the ſlave of eaſe :
Doom'd ever in ignoble ſtate to pine,
Boaſt her own ſcenes, and languiſh after mine.

But ſhun her ſnares: nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy ſhame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;
Let manhood crown what infancy inſpir'd.
Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praiſe.
The bold exploit that charms th' atteſting age,
To lateſt times ſhall gen'rous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle ſhall thy ſhrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
Till time ſhall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raiſe a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feaſts thy name ſhall GRECIANS join;
Shall pour the ſparkling juice to JOVE's and thine.
Thine, us'd in war, ſhall raiſe their native fire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inſpire.
Dulneſs perhaps thro' want of ſight may blame,
And ſpleen, with odious induſtry, defame;
And that the honours giv'n with wonder view,
And this in ſecret ſadneſs own them due:
Contempt and envy were by fate deſign'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none but who deſerve can bear;
While envy's wounds the ſmiles of fame repair.
For know, the gen'rous thine exploits ſhall fire,
Thine ev'ry friend it ſuits thee to require,
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their ſeats I ſhew,
Lov'd by the good their images below."

Ceaſe, lovely maid, fair daughter of the ſkies!
My guide! my queen! th' ecſtatic youth replies.
In thee I trace a form deſign'd for ſway;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.

And

And by thy bright immortal friends I ſwear,
Thy fair idea ſhall no toils impair.
Lead me! O lead me where whole hoſts of foes
Thy form depretiate, and thy friends oppoſe!
Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppreſſive hand,
And cruſh the fetters of an injur'd land:
To ſee the monſter's noxious life reſign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monſters of mankind!
Nature ſhall ſmile to view the vanquiſh'd brood,
And none but envy riot unſubdu'd.
In cloiſter'd ſtate let ſelfiſh ſages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell;
And boaſt their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far leſs the friends of virtue, than the fools:
Yet ſuch in vain thy fav'ring ſmiles pretend;
For HE is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well-ſpent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to deſtroy;
When, ſtrongly lur'd by fame's contiguous ſhrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy fav'rite thro' the gates of fame!

He ceas'd his vows, and, with diſdainful air,
He turn'd to blaſt the late exulting fair.
But vaniſh'd, fled to ſome more friendly ſhore,
The conſcious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:
Convinc'd, her ſpurious charms of dreſs and face
Claim'd a quick conqueſt, or a ſure diſgrace.
Fantaſtic pow'r! whoſe tranſient charms allur'd,
While errour's miſt the reas'ning mind obſcur'd:

Not ſuch the victreſs, virtue's conſtant queen
Endur'd the teſt of truth, and dar'd be ſeen.
Her bright'ning form and features ſeem'd to own,
'Twas all her wiſh, her int'reſt to be known:
And, when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.
Thus reigns the moon, with furtive ſplendour crown'd,
While glooms oppreſs us, and thick ſhades ſurround.
But let the ſource of light its beams diſplay,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the ſick'ning ſplendour fades away.

The

The PROGRESS of TASTE;

OR,

The FATE of DELICACY.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of the AUTHOR; and how great a Misfortune it is for a Man of ſmall Eſtate to have much TASTE.

PART THE FIRST.

PERHAPS ſome cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my penſive lay.
" The ſhip is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean ſail:
For happineſs our courſe we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet ah! the ſcenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms diſpers'd in air,
Still dancing near diſorder'd eyes;
And weakeſt his, who beſt deſcries!
Yet let me not my birth-right barter,
(For wiſhing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wiſh what's wanted,
Tho' few e'er found their wiſhes granted;

Extenſive field! where poets pride them
In ſinging all that is deny'd them.)
For humble eaſe, ye pow'rs! I pray;
That plain warm ſuit for ev'ry day!
And pleaſure, and brocade, beſtow;
To flaunt it—once a-month, or ſo.
The firſt for conſtant wear we want;
The firſt, ye pow'rs! for ever grant!
But conſtant wear the laſt beſpatters,
And turns the tiſſue into tatters.
Where-e'er my vagrant courſe I bend,
Let me ſecure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public ſcenes, requeſt
A friend of wit and taſte, well-dreſt:
And, if I muſt not hope ſuch favour,
A friend of wit and taſte, however.
Alas! that wiſdom ever ſhuns
To congregate her ſcatter'd ſons;
Whoſe nervous forces, well combin'd,
Would win the field, and ſway mankind.
The fool will ſqueeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in ſight;
The note he ſtrikes, the plume he ſhews,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaus;
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the ſign, careſs and own him.
But ill-ſtarr'd ſenſe, nor gay nor loud,
Steals ſoft, on tip-toe, thro' the croud;
Conveys his meagre form between;
And ſlides, like pervious air, unſeen:
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere ev'n a crime to be:

Nor

Nor ev'n permits his eyes to ſtray,
And win acquaintance in their way.
In company, ſo mean his air,
You ſcarce are conſcious he is there:
Till from ſome nook, like ſharpen'd ſteel,
Occurs his face's thin profile.
Still ſeeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like VENUS, newly-bath'd, to fly.
Yet while reluctant he diſplays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd
His tawdry ſtock of painted paſte.
Diſus'd to ſpeak, he tries his ſkill;
Speaks coldly, and ſucceeds but ill;
His penſive manner, dulneſs deem'd;
His modeſty, reſerve eſteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.
And thoſe who, mutually known,
In friendſhip's faireſt lift had ſhone,
Leſs prone, than pebbles, to unite,
Retire to ſhades from public ſight;
Grow ſavage, quit their ſocial nature;
And ſtarve, to ſtudy mutual ſatire.
But friends and fav'rites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, ſeas, between them:
Meet once a-year, then part, and then
Retiring, wiſh to meet again.
Sick of the thought, let me provide
Some human form to grace my ſide;
At hand, where-e'er I ſhape my courſe;
An uſeful, pliant, ſtalking horſe!

No

No geſture free from ſome grimace;
No ſeam without its ſhare of lace;
But, mark'd with gold, or ſilver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I adviſe,
And ſtockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What tho' VANDYCK had other rules,
What had VANDYCK to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting, but his mind;
Before, a ſolitaire; behind,
A twiſted riband, like the track
Which nature gives an aſs's back.
Silent, as midnight! pity 'twere
His wiſdom's ſlender wealth to ſhare;
And, whilſt in flocks our fancies ſtray,
To wiſh the poor man's lamb away.
This form attracting ev'ry eye,
I ſtrole all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,
As an umbrella ſun or wind;
Or, like a ſponge, abſorbs the fallies,
And peſtilential fumes of malice;
Or like a ſplendid ſhield is fit
To ſcreen the templar's random wit;
Or what ſome gentler cit lets fall,
As wool-packs quaſh the leaden ball.
Alluſions theſe of weaker force,
And apter ſtill the ſtalking-horſe!
O let me wander all unſeen,
Beneath the ſanction of his mien!
As lilies ſoft, as roſes fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!

With ſteady eye and pace remark
The ſpeckled flock that haunts the park*;
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies, flocking there to feed:
And, as my ſatire burſts amain,
See feather'd fopp'ry ſtrew the plain.
But when I ſeek my rural grove,
And ſhare the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My ſweet ſequeſter'd paths profane.
Oft may ſome poliſh'd virtuous friend
To theſe ſoft-winding vales deſcend;
And love with me inglorious things,
And ſcorn with me the pomp of kings:
And check me, when my boſom burns
For ſtatues, paintings, coins, and urns.
For I in DAMON's pray'r cou'd join,
And DAMON's wiſh might now be mine—
But all diſpers'd! the wiſh, the pray'r,
Are driven to mix with common air.

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was DAMON's lot,
While yet romantic ſchemes were not!
Ere yet he ſent his weakly eyes,
To plan frail caſtles in the ſkies;
Forſaking pleaſures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, ſtill flitting from one.
Ah happy DAMON! thrice and more,
Had taſte ne'er touch'd thy tranquil ſhore.

Oh

* St JAMES's.

Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd
The couples gingled at his ſide;
And DAMON ſwore he wou'd not barter
The ſportſman's girdle for a garter!
Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found eaſy DAMON in their pow'r;
Pure ſocial nature all his guide,
"DAMON had not a grain of pride."
He wiſh'd not to elude the ſnares
Which knav'ry plans, and craft prepares;
But rather wealth to crown their wiles;
And win their univerſal ſmiles:
For who are cheerful, who at eaſe,
But they who cheat us as they pleaſe!
He wink'd at many a groſs deſign,
The new-fall'n calf might countermine:
Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit;
"Yes! DAMON had a gen'rous ſpirit!"
A coxcomb's jeſt, however vile,
Was ſure, at leaſt, of DAMON's ſmile:
That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him ſenſe;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modeſty away,
DAMON cou'd ſhine as much as they.
When wine and folly came in ſeaſon,
DAMON ne'er ſtrove to ſave his reaſon;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar;
A ſpy upon a hoſtile ſhore!
'Twas this his company endear'd;
Mirth never came till he appear'd:
His lodgings—ev'ry draw'r cou'd ſhew 'em;
The ſlave was kick'd, who did not know 'em.

Thus

Thus DAMON, ſtudious of his eaſe,
And pleaſing all whom mirth cou'd pleaſe ;
Defy'd the world, like idle COLLEY,
To ſhew a ſofter word than folly.
Since wiſdom's gorgon-ſhield was known
To ſtare the gazer into ſtone ;
He choſe to truſt in folly's charm,
To keep his breaſt alive and warm.
At length grave learning's ſober train
Remark'd the trifler with diſdain ;
The ſons of taſte contemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze :
While they to nobler heights aſpir'd,
And grew belov'd, eſteem'd, admir'd.
Hence with our youth, not void of ſpirit,
His old companions loſt their merit :
And ev'ry kind well-natur'd ſot,
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot ;
Where ev'ry yawning gueſt agrees,
The willing creature ſtrives to pleaſe ;
But temper never could amuſe ;
It barely led us to excuſe ;
'Twas true, converſing, they averr'd,
All they had ſeen, or felt, or heard :
Talents of weight ! for wights like theſe,
The law might chuſe for witneſſes :
But ſure th' atteſting dry narration
Ill ſuits a judge of converſation.
* What were their freedoms ? mere excuſes
To vent ill manners, blows, and bruiſes.

* Boiſterous mirth.

Yet

Yet freedom, gallant freedom ! hailing,
At form, at form, inceſſant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cauſe, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,
So ſure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage ? but a loaded gun ;
Machine the wiſe wou'd wiſh to ſhun ;
Its guard unſafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.
In ſhort, diſguſted out of meaſure,
Thro' much contempt, and ſlender pleaſure,
His ſenſe of dignity returns ;
With native pride his boſom burns ;
He ſeeks reſpect—but how to gain it ?
Wit, ſocial mirth, cou'd ne'er obtain it.
Laughter, how kind ſoe'er it ſeem,
Diſcards, and diſſipates eſteem :
The man who gravely bows, enjoys it ;
But ſhaking hands, at once, deſtroys it.
Precarious plant, which, freſh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away !
Come then reſerve ! yet from thy train
Baniſh contempt, and curs'd diſdain.
Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art
To act the decent diſtant part :
To huſband well my complaiſance,
Nor let ev'n wit too far advance ;
But chuſe calm reaſon for my theme,
In theſe her loyal realms ſupreme ;
And o'er her charms, with caution ſhewn,
Be ſtill a graceful umbrage thrown ;

And

And each abrupter period crown'd,
With nods, and winks, and ſmiles profound.
Till reſcu'd from the croud beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I riſe with head elate, to ſhare
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Reſpect is won by grave pretence
And ſilence, furer ev'n than ſenſe—
'Tis hence the ſacred grandeur ſprings
Of eaſtern—and of other kings.
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While virtue's diſtant as PERU?
The ſheathleſs ſword the guard diſplays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays:
The ſtately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Leſs ſcreens the body, than controuls,
And wards contempt from royal ſouls.
The crowns they wear but check the eye,
Before it fondly pierce too nigh;
That dazzled crouds may be employ'd
Around the ſurface of—the void.
O! 'tis the ſtateſman's craft profound
To ſcatter his amuſements round;
To tempt us from their conſcious breaſt,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their neſt.
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.
The lordly log, diſpatch'd of yore,
That the frog-people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a diſtance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's aſſiſtance:

Nay—had addreſſes from his nation,
In praiſe of log-adminiſtration.

PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more ;
Productive of that gen'ral ſtare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear !
And, crouds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement ſent its invitation.

Romantic ſcenes of pendent hills,
And verdant vales, and falling rills,
And moſſy banks the fields adorn,
Where DAMON, ſimple ſwain, was born.

The dryads rear'd a ſhady grove ;
Where ſuch as think, and ſuch as love,
Might ſafely ſigh their ſummer's day,
Or muſe their ſilent hours away.

The oreads lik'd the climate well,
And taught the level plain to ſwell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works deſcry.

The naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their ſtreams to pleaſe the view,
And bade them wind, as ſerpents do :
And having ſhewn them where to ſtray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.

Theſe Fancy, all-ſagacious maid,
Had at their ſeveral taſks ſurvey'd :

She

She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead
Our DAMON's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with descriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when she all its charms had shewn,
Prescribe improvements of her own.
See yonder hill, so green, so round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
'Twou'd well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to VENUS there:
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey;
And VENUS, in their arms, repay.
'Twas such a shade, and such a nook,
In such a vale, near such a brook,
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That fam'd APOLLO chose to sing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath, and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vast desire.
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
Where music's * charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be plac'd MINERVA's sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise,
(For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes):
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear:

* The muses.

And who wou'd ſhun the pleaſing labour,
To have MINERVA for his neighbour?"
In ſhort, ſo charm'd each wild ſuggeſtion,
Its truth was little call'd in queſtion:
And DAMON dream'd he ſaw the fawns,
And nymphs, diſtinctly ſkim the lawns:
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Loſt in the circling ſhades again.
With leer oblique their lover viewing—
And CUPID—panting—and purſuing—
Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,
Be thou my goddeſs! thou my guide!
For thy bright viſions I deſpiſe
What foes may think, or friends adviſe.
The feign'd concern, when folks ſurvey
Expenſe, time, ſtudy caſt away;
The real ſpleen, with which they ſee:
I pleaſe myſelf, and follow thee.
Thus glow'd his breaſt by fancy warm'd;
And thus the fairy-landſcape charm'd.
But moſt he hop'd his conſtant care
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wand'ring late thro' yonder glade,
He thus the ſoft deſign betray'd.
"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays ſalute my love!
My DELIA with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!
Ye flow'rs! which early ſpring ſupplies,
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes!
That ſhe your op'ning charms may ſee,
Or what were elſe your charms to me?

Kind

Kind zephyr! bruſh each fragrant flow'r,
And ſhed its odours round my bow'r,
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall I, in thee, refreſhment find.
Ye ſtreams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſooth my fair;
Or oh 'twill deepen my deſpair!
Be ſure, ye willows! you be ſeen
Array'd in livelieſt robes of green;
Or I will tear your ſlighted boughs,
And let them fade around my brows.
And thou, my grott! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds!
May ſhe admire thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou ſhalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd;
Loud laugh'd the ſquires, the rabble ſtar'd.
"See, neighbours, what our DAMON's doing!
I think ſome folks are fond of ruin!
I ſaw his ſheep at random ſtray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And builds ſuch huts as, in foul weather,
Are fit for ſheep nor ſhepherd neither."

Whence came the ſober ſwain miſled?
Why, PHOEBUS put it in his head.
PHOEBUS befriends him, we are told;
And PHOEBUS coins bright tuns of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be ſo vain on't:
I think he'll never touch a grain on't.
And if, from PHOEBUS, and his muſe,
Mere earthly lazineſs enſues;

'Tis plain, for aught that I can ſay,
The dev'l inſpires, as well as they.
So they—while fools of groſſer kind,
Leſs weeting what our bard deſign'd,
Impute his ſchemes to real evil;
That in theſe haunts he met the devil.
He own'd, tho' their advice was vain,
It ſuited wights who trod the plain:
For dulneſs—tho' he might abhor it—
In them, he made allowance for it.
Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottoes,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottoes,
Folks, little dreaming of the muſes,
Were plagu'd to gueſs their proper uſes.
But did the muſes haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did VENUS dwell?
Did PALLAS in his counſels ſhare?
The Delian god reward his pray'r?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the ſtructures ſhone complete;
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair gueſts alone were wanting;
Ah me! ('twas DAMON's own confeſſion),
Came Poverty, and took poſſeſſion.

PART THE FOURTH.

WHY droops my DAMON, whilſt he roves
Thro' ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obeliſks, and ſpires,
Which ev'ry critic eye admires?

'Tis

'Tis Poverty, deteſted maid,
Sole tenant of their ample ſhade!
'Tis ſhe that robs him of his eaſe,
And bids their very charms diſpleaſe.
But now, by fancy long control'd,
And with the ſons of taſte enroll'd,
He deem'd it ſhameful, to commence
Firſt miniſter to common-ſenſe:
Far more elated, to purſue
The loweſt taſk of dear vertû.
And now behold his lofty ſoul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on ſome elaborate flow'r;
And, like a bee, the ſweets devour!
Now, of a roſe enamour'd, prove
The wild ſolicitudes of love!
Now, in a lily's cup enſhrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!
As in theſe toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day;
Conducting ſun, and ſhade, and ſhow'r,
As moſt might glad the new-born flow'r,
So fate ordain'd—before his eye—
Starts up the long-ſought butterfly!
While flutt'ring round, her plumes unfold
Celeſtial crimſon, dropt with gold.
Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair!
The living beauty claims his care:
For this he ſtrips—nor bolt, nor chain,
Cou'd DAMON's warm purſuit reſtrain.
See him o'er hill, moraſs, or mound,
Where-e'er the ſpeckled game is found,

Tho'

Tho' bent with age, with zeal purſue,
And totter tow'rds the prey in view.
Nor rock, nor ſtream, his ſteps retard,
Intent upon the bleſs'd reward!
One vaſſal fly repays the chace!
A wing, a film, rewards the race!
Rewards him, tho' diſeaſe attend,
And in a fatal ſurfeit end.
So fierce CAMILLA ſkimm'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleaſing ſtain,
She ey'd intent the glitt'ring ſtranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear, nor danger:
Till deep within her panting heart,
Malicious fate impell'd the dart!
How ſtudious he what fav'rite food
Regales dame nature's tiny brood!
What junkets fat the filmy people!
And what liqueurs they chuſe to tipple!
Behold him, at ſome criſe, preſcribe,
And raiſe with drugs the ſick'ning tribe!
Or haply, when their ſpirits falter,
Sprinkling my Lord of CLOYNE's tar-water.
When nature's brood of inſects dies,
See how he pimps for am'rous flies!
See him the timely ſuccour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender!
Or ſee him guard their pregnant hour;
Exert his ſoft obſtetric pow'r;
And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land!
* O WILKS! what poet's loftieſt lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praiſe?

* Alluding to Mr WILKS's very expenſive propoſals.

Immortal

Immortal ſage! by fate decreed
To guard the moth's illuſtrious breed!
Till flutt'ring ſwarms on ſwarms ariſe,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!
And muſt we praiſe this taſte for toys?
Admire it then in girls and boys.
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Reſign your moths—the ſeaſon's o'er.
'Tis time more ſocial joys to prove;
'Twere now your nobler taſk—to love.
Let ****'s eyes more deeply warm;
Nor, ſlighting nature's faireſt form,
The bias of your ſouls determine
Tow'rds the mean love of nature's vermin.
But ah! how wondrous few have known,
To give each ſtage of life its own.
'Tis the pretexta's utmoſt bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To pleaſe the child, whoſe glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes:
And few, but with regret, aſſume
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.
Ah! let not me by fancy ſteer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
Conſume my faireſt, fruitleſs days:
Like him, who ſhould in armour ſpend
The ſums that armour ſhould defend.
A while, in pleaſure's myrtle bow'r,
We ſhare her ſmiles, and bleſs her pow'r;
But find at laſt, we vainly ſtrive
To fix the worſt coquette alive.

O you! that with aſſiduous flame
Have long purſu'd the faithleſs dame;
Forſake her ſoft abodes a while,
And dare her frown, and ſlight her ſmile.
Nor ſcorn, whatever wits may ſay,
The foot-path road, the king's highway.
No more the ſcrup'lous charmer teaſe,
But ſeek the roofs of honeſt eaſe;
The rival fair, no more purſu'd,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her ev'ry art eſſay,
To win you to her ſlighted ſway;
And grant your ſcorn a glance more fair
Than e'er ſhe gave your fondeſt pray'r.
But would you happineſs purſue?
Partake both eaſe, and pleaſure too?
Would you, thro' all your days, diſpenſe
The joys of reaſon, and of ſenſe?
Or give to life the moſt you can?
Let ſocial virtue ſhape the plan.
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleaſing ſweets ſucceed?
Or, like the ſweets of wild deſire,
Did ſocial pleaſures ever tire?
Yet, midſt the group be ſome preferr'd,
Be ſome abhorr'd—for DAMON err'd:
And ſuch there are—of fair addreſs—
As 'twere unſocial to careſs.
O learn, by reaſon's equal rule,
To ſhun the praiſe of knave, or fool;
Then, tho' you deem it better ſtill
To gain ſome ruſtic 'ſquire's good-will;

And

And ſouls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a ſmile;
Yet reaſon holds it for a crime,
The trivial breaſt ſhou'd ſhare thy time:
And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
Beholds this human ſacrifice!
Thro' deep reſerve, and air erect,
Miſtaken DAMON won reſpect;
But cou'd the ſpecious homage paſs
With any creature, but an aſs?
If conſcious, they who fear'd the ſkin,
Wou'd ſcorn the ſluggiſh brute within.
What awe-ſtruck ſlaves the tow'rs incloſe,
Where Perſian monarchs eat, and doze?
What proſtrate rev'rence all agree,
To pay a prince they never ſee!
Mere vaſſals of a royal throne!
The ſophi's virtues muſt be ſhown,
To make the reverence his own.
As for THALIA—wouldſt thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?—take her.
She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy penſive hours befriend;
Will ſwell thy joys, will ſhare thy pain;
With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
Will ſmooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs,
And bind thine aching head with flow'rs
But be this previous maxim known,
If thou canſt feed on love alone;
If bleſs'd with her, thou canſt ſuſtain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain;

If

If ſo—then riſle all her graces—
And fruitful be your fond embraces.
Too ſoon, by caitiff-ſpleen inſpir'd,
Sage DAMON to his groves retir'd:
The path diſclaim'd by ſober reaſon;
Retirement claims a later ſeaſon;
Ere active youth and warm deſires
Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires.
With the warm boſom, ill agree,
Or limpid ſtream, or ſhady tree.
Love lurks within the roſy bow'r,
And claims the ſpeculative hour;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulſe too fiercely beat;
Ev'n ſocial Friendſhip duns his ear,
And cites him to the public ſphere.
Does he reſiſt their genuine force?
His temper takes ſome froward courſe;
Till paſſion, miſdirected, ſighs
For weeds, or ſhells, or grubs, or flies!
Far happieſt he, whoſe early days
Spent in the ſocial paths of praiſe,
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund, the mem'ry draws
The laſting meed of ſelf-applauſe.
Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people the ſequeſter'd ſhade.
Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fawns,
That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.
If where his devious ramble ſtrays,
He virtue's radiant form ſurveys;

She ſeems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown ſevere * ;
To ſhew him her remote abode ;
To point the rocky arduous road :
But from each flower his fields allow,
She twines a garland for his brow.

* Alluding to—the allegory in CEBES's tablet.

OECONOMY,

A RHAPSODY, addreſſed to young POETS.

Inſanis; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis
Sunt tibi, Naſones Virgilioſque vides. MART.

PART THE FIRST.

TO you, ye bards! whoſe laviſh breaſt requires
This monitory lay, the ſtrains belong;
Nor think ſome miſer vents his ſapient ſaw,
Or ſome dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profuſion, ſings; while friendly zeal,
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inſpires the meaneſt of the muſe's train!
Like you I loath the groveling progeny,
Whoſe wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on pow'r's tyrannic throne;
To lord it there in gorgeous uſeleſſneſs,
And ſpurn ſucceſsleſs worth that pines below!
See the rich churl, amid the ſocial ſons
Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins
In the free jeſt delighted! ſeems to ſhew
A meliorated heart! he laughs! he ſings!
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems ſet agape the board.

Like

Like * DEMEA, in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
Till MICIO wonders; or, in SHAKESPEAR's line,
Obstrep'rous silence; drowning SHALLOW's voice,
And startling FALSTAFF, and his mad compeers.
He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To smooth his careful brow; to let his purse
Ope to a six-pence's diameter!
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasance, and deserve regard.
True, we are dainty good society;
But what art thou? alas! consider well,
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp
Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
Its flamens boast to guard, we know not how:
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.
True, thou seem'st chang'd; all fainted, all enshy'd;
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes,
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind;
But all is false! an intermitting sigh
Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,
And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.
Ev'n for a demi-groat, this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast
Revibrates quick; and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls,
Of some dark dungeon. Hence thou caitiff, fly!
Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,

* In TERENCE's ADELPHI.

Monſter, ingrate! beneath one common ſky
Why ſhouldſt thou breathe? beneath one common roof
Thou ne'er ſhalt harbour; nor my little boat
Receive a ſoul with crimes to preſs it down.
Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,
And gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be converſation. Not a face that ſmiles
Admit thy preſence! not a ſoul that glows
With ſocial purport, bid or ev'n or morn
Inveſt thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy ſure heirs ſtand titt'ring round thy bed,
And uſh'ring in their fav'rites, burſt thy locks,
And fill their laps with gold; till want and care
With joy depart, and cry, "We aſk no more."
Ah never, never may th' harmonious mind
Endure the worldly! poets ever kind,—
Guileleſs, diſtruſtleſs, ſcorn the treaſur'd gold,
And ſpurn the miſer, ſpurn his deity.
Balanc'd with friendſhip, in the poet's eye,
The rival ſcale of intereſt kicks the beam,
Than lightning ſwifter. From his cavern'd ſtore
The ſordid ſoul, with ſelf-applauſe, remarks
The kind propenſity; remarks and ſmiles,
And hies with impious haſte to ſpread the ſnare.
Him we deride, and in our comic ſcenes
Contemn the niggard form MOLIERE has drawn.
We loath with juſtice; but alas the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold,
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!
But 'tis not GOMEZ, 'tis not he whoſe heart
Is cruſted o'er with droſs, whoſe callous mind
Is ſenſeleſs as his gold, the ſlighted muſe

Intenſely

Intenſely loaths. 'Tis ſure no equal taſk
To pardon him, who laviſhes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or ſpaniel, all
But human merit; who with gold eſſays
All, but the nobleſt pleaſure, to remove
The wants of genius, and its ſmiles enjoy.
But you, ye titled youths! whoſe nobler zeal
Would burniſh o'er your coronets with fame,
Who liſten pleas'd when poet tunes his lay,
Permit him not, in diſtant ſolitudes,
To pine, to languiſh out the fleeting hours
Of active youth! then virtue pants for praiſe.
That ſeaſon unadorn'd, the careleſs bard
Quits your worn threſhold, and like honeſt GAY
Contemns the niggard boon ye time ſo ill.
Your favours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb,
Th' enfranchis'd ſpirit ſoaring not perceives,
Or ſcorns perceiv'd; and execrates the ſmile
Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treacherous hopes
And ſervile cares a prey, expire in vain!
Two lawleſs pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate
In endleſs war, beneath their flags enroll
The vaſſal world. This avarice is nam'd,
That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends
Aſſign them ſofter names; uſurpers both!
That ſhare by dint of arms the legal throne
Of juſt œconomy; yet both betray'd
By fraudful miniſters. The niggard chief
Liſt'ning to want, all faithleſs, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train,
His conduct models by the needleſs fears
The ſlave inſpires; while luxury, a chief

Of ampleſt faith, to plenty's rule reſigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis Plenty's flatt'ring ſounds
Ingroſs his ear; 'tis Plenty's ſmiling form
Moves ſtill before his eye. Diſcretion ſtrives,
But ſtrives in vain, to baniſh from the throne
The perjur'd minion. He, ſecure of truſt,
With latent malice to the hoſtile camp
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.

Ye tow'ring minds! ye ſublimated ſouls!
Who, careleſs of your fortunes, ſeal and ſign,
Set, let, contract, acquit, with eaſier mien
Than fops take ſnuff! whoſe œconomic care
Your green-ſilk purſe ingroſſes! eaſy, pleas'd,
To ſee gold ſparkle thro' the ſubtle folds;
Lovely, as when th' Heſperian fruitage ſmil'd
Amid the verd'rous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harveſts! harveſts all the year!
Who ſcatter wealth, as tho' the radiant crop
Glitter'd on ev'ry bough; and ev'ry bough
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd,
Were by a ſplendid ſucceſſor ſupply'd
Inſtant, ſpontaneous! liſten to my lays.
For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phraſe
Have long decreed, that quit with greateſt eaſe
The treaſur'd gold. Of words indeed profuſe,
Of gold tenacious, their torpeſcent ſoul
Clenches their coin, and what electral fire
Shall ſolve the froſty gripe, and bid it flow?
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expenſe
Of health! of treaſure! ſtimulates the ſoul:
Theſe, with officious care, and fatal art,

Improve

Improve the vinous flavour; these the smile
Of CLOE soften; these the glare of dress
Illume; the glitt'ring chariot gild anew,
And add strange wisdom to the furs of pow'r.
Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
Shou'd with unsated appetite demand,
And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
When fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale
Of balmy med'cine's various field, aspires
The bleſt refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontrol'd!
Impatient, hence, of all, the frugal mind
Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
Incessant rapture; life, a tedious load,
Deny'd its continuity of joy.
But whence obtain? philosophy requires
No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r
Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,
The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.
Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train
With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires
Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours
Thy voice, hydropic fancy! calls aloud
For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement! seas of bliss!
Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!

And

And yet, unleſs ſage reaſon join her hand
In pleaſure's purchaſe, pleaſure is unſure:
And yet, unleſs œconomy's conſent
Legitimate expenſe, ſome graceleſs mark,
Some ſymptom ill-conceal'd, ſhall, ſoon or late,
Burſt like a pimple from the vitious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's diſeaſe,
Amidſt the bloom of ſhew. The ſcanty ſtream
Slow-loitering in its channel, ſeems to vie
With VAGA's depth; but ſhould the ſedgy pow'r
Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
O'er the rough rock, how muſt his fellow-ſtreams
Deride the tinklings of the boaſtive rill!

I not aſpire to mark the dubious path
That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
But ere ſelf-flattery ſooth the vivid breaſt
With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
Reflect how few, who charm'd the liſt'ning ear
Of ſatrap or of king, her ſmiles enjoy'd!
Conſider well, what meagre alms repay'd
The great Mæonian, ſire of tuneful ſong,
And prototype of all that ſoar'd ſublime,
And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd
The modeſt bard of learn'd ELIZA's reign
To ſwell with tears his MULLA's parent ſtream,
And mourn aloud the pang, "to ride, to run,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone."
Why ſhou'd I tell of COWLEY's penſive muſe
Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
Which of your boaſted race might hope reward
Like loyal BUTLER, when the lib'ral CHARLES,
The judge of wit, perus'd the ſprightly page
Triumphant

Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
The poet's parasite; but learn alone
To spare the scanty boon the fates decree.
Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!
'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his soul,
The latent seeds and principles of want
Has nature wove, and fate confirm'd the clue.
Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
Of penury; with nice precision learn
A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
That marks th' expense of each revolving year,
Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
To slight frugality, assure thine heart
That danger's near. This perishable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
It fetters misers, but it must alone
Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world
Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;
Nor, pidling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
See with soup-ladles devils gormandise.
Oeconomy! thou good old aunt! whose mien
Furrow'd with age and care the wise adore,
The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores
To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit,
Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?
And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind
Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?

Why

Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childleſs, love to dwell, yet leave the breaſt
Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for ſure to youthful eyes
(How ſhort ſoe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either ſide
The loves, the graces play, on fortune's child
Profuſely ſmiling; well might youth eſſay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ;
Source of their favour all the live-long day.
But fate aſſents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glitt'ring ſeeds of care!
O that the muſe's voice might pierce the ear
Of gen'rous youth! for youth deſerves her ſong.
Youth is fair virtue's ſeaſon, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand; the ſequent ſtage,
It barely vegetates; nor long the ſpace
Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk diſplay
Fell winter's total reign. O lovely ſource
Of gen'rous foibles, youth! when op'ning minds
Are honeſt as the light, lucid as air,
As foſt'ring breezes kind, as linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring!
Yet hapleſs ſtate of man! his earlieſt youth
Cozens itſelf, his age defrauds mankind.
Nor deem it ſtrange that rolling years abrade
The ſocial bias. Life's extenſive page
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends;
Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate ſome,

And

And others dead, whoſe putrid name exhales
A noiſome ſcent, the bulky volume teems
With kinſmen, brothers, ſons, moiſt'ning the
ſhroud,
Or honouring the grave, with ſpecious grief
Of ſhort duration; ſoon in fortune's beams
Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they ſhed.
But who ſhall ſave by tame proſaic ſtrain
That glowing breaſt, where wit with youth conſpires
To ſweeten luxury? The fearful muſe
Shall yet proceed, tho' by the fainteſt gleam
Of hope inſpir'd, to warn the train ſhe loves.

PART THE SECOND.

IN ſome dark ſeaſon, when the miſty ſhow'r
Obſcures the ſun, and ſaddens all the ſky;
When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor ſtream
Invites thee forth, to ſport thy drooping muſe;
Seize the dull hour, nor with regret aſſign
To worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,
Accepts the tribute of a joyleſs day;
She ſmiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede,
And not a grace, and not a muſe will hear.
Then, from majeſtic MARO's awful ſtrain,
Or tow'ring HOMER, let thine eye deſcend
To trace, with patient induſtry, the page
Of income and expenſe. And oh! beware,
Thy breaſt, ſelf-flatt'ring, place no courtly ſmile,
No golden promiſe of your faithleſs muſe,
Nor latent mind which fortune's hand may ſhew,

Amid

Amid thy ſolid ſtore. The ſiren's ſong
Wrecks not the lift'ning ſailor, half ſo ſure.
See by what avenues, what devious paths,
The foot of want, deteſted, ſteals along,
And bars each fatal paſs. Some few ſhort hours
Of punctual care, the refuſe of thy year,
On frugal ſchemes employ'd, ſhall give the muſe
To ſing intrepid many a cheerful day.

But if too ſoon before the tepid gales
Thy reſolution melt; and ardent vows
In wary hours preferr'd or die forgot,
Or ſeem the forc'd effect of hazy ſkies;
Then, ere ſurpriſe, by whoſe impetuous rage
The maſſy fort, with which thy gentler breaſt
I not compare, is won, the ſong proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminiſh'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, ſyſtems, all!
Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; ſoul alike with ſoul
Aſpires to join; nor yet in ſouls alone,
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propenſity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various tho' their tribe,
Their temper various, vow perpetual faith:
That, ſhou'd the world's disjointed frame once more
To chaos yield the ſway, amid the wreck
Their union ſhou'd ſurvive; with Roman warmth,
By ſacred hoſpitable laws endear'd,
Shou'd each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial baſe
Erect thy ſafety, and defy the ſtorm.

Let

Let ſoft profuſion's fair idea join
Her hand with poverty; nor here deſiſt,
Till, o'er the groupe that forms their various train,
Thou ſing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward ſhew in laſting leagues combine
With ſhame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face
Of raſh intemp'rance, be diſcreetly pair'd
With ſallow hunger; the licentious joy,
With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight
Of ſculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins;
Thy breaſt, ſagacious prudence! ſhall connect
With filth and beggary; nor diſdain to link
With black inſolvency. Thy ſoul alarm'd
Shall ſhun the ſiren's voice; nor boldly dare
To bid the ſoft enchantreſs ſhare thy breaſt,
With ſuch a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.
Nor think, ye ſordid race! ye groveling minds!
I frame the ſong for you! for you, the muſe
Cou'd other rules impart. The friendly ſtrain
For gentler boſoms plann'd, to yours wou'd prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever COLCHOS bore, and in your breaſt
Compaſſion, love, and friendſhip all deſtroy!
It greatly ſhall avail, if e'er thy ſtores
Increaſe apace, by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of groſs unbounded praiſe!
It much avails, to ſeize the preſent hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the ſmall remaining ſtore
Shall riſe in weight tenfold, in luſtre riſe,

As gold improv'd by many a fierce aſſay.
'Tis thus the frugal huſbandman directs
His narrow ſtream, if o'er its wonted banks
By ſudden rains impell'd, it proudly ſwell;
His timely hand thro' better tracts conveys
The quick-decreaſing tide; ere borne along
Or thro' the wild moraſs, or cultur'd field,
Or bladed graſs mature, or barren ſands,
It flow deſtructive, or it flow in vain!
But happieſt he who ſanctifies expenſe
By preſent pay! who ſubjects not his fame
To tradeſmens varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of baſe mechanic, ſordid, unſincere!
There haply, while thy muſe ſublimely ſoars
Beyond this earthly ſphere, in heav'n's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambroſial ſweets,
Thy growing debt ſteals unregarded o'er
The punctual record; till nor PHOEBUS ſelf—
Nor ſage MINERVA's art can aught avail
To ſooth the ruthleſs dun's deteſted rage.
Frantic and fell, with many a curſe profane
He loads the gentle muſe; then hurls thee down
To want, remorſe, captivity, and ſhame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,
With horrour fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on an hoſtile ſhore
Diſarm'd, defenceleſs? why require to tread
The precipice? or why alas to breathe
A moment's ſpace, where ev'ry breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
Thy diſſipated mind; contract thy train

Of

Of wild ideas o'er the flow'ry fields
Of ſhew diffus'd, and ſpeed to ſafer climes.
Oeconomy preſents her glaſs, accept
The faithful mirrour; powerful to diſcloſe
A thouſand forms, unſeen by careleſs eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every ſweet perfum'd,
Beſets thy ſenſe; extortion follows cloſe
Her wanton ſtep; and ruin brings the rear.
Theſe and the reſt ſhall her myſterious glaſs
Embody to thy view; like VENUS, kind,
When to her lab'ring ſon, the vengeful pow'rs
That urg'd the fall of ILIUM, ſhe diſplay'd.
He, not imprudent, at the fight declin'd
Th' inequal conflict, and decreed to raiſe
The Trojan welfare on ſome happier ſhore.
For here to drain thy ſwelling purſe await
A thouſand arts, a thouſand frauds attend,
" The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous ſnuff-
boxes,
The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
With all its bright inhabitants, ſhall waſte
Its melting ſtores, and in the dreary void
Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhauſt
Its flimſy folds offend thy penſive eye,
Away! emboſom'd deep in diſtant ſhades,
Nor ſeen nor ſeeing, thou mayſt vent thy ſcorn
Of lace, embroid'ry, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the farded fop, and effenc'd beau,
Ferocious with a Stoic's frown, diſcloſe
Thy manly ſcorn, averſe to tinſel pomp,
And fluent thine harangue. But can thy ſoul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dreſs,

Where dreſs is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall wiſh thee burniſh'd! where the ſprightly fair
Demand embelliſhment! ev'n DELIA's eye,
As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
Inquirent, curious? Fly the curs'd domain;
Theſe are the realms of luxury and ſhew;
No claſſic ſoil, away! the bloomy ſpring
Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
Fly to thy native ſhades, and dread ev'n there,
Leſt buſy fancy tempt thy narrow ſtate
Beyond its bounds. Obſerve FLORELIO's mien.
Why treads my friend with melancholy ſtep
That beauteous lawn? Why penſive ſtrays his eye
O'er ſtatues, grottoes, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome
Bright glittering thro' the grove, returns his eye
Unpleas'd, diſconſolate? And is it love,
Diſaſtrous love, that robs the finiſh'd ſcenes
Of all their beauty? cent'ring all in her
His ſoul adores? or from a blacker cauſe
Springs this remorſeful gloom? is conſcious guilt
The latent ſource of more than love's deſpair?
It cannot be within that poliſh'd breaſt
Where ſcience dwells, that guilt ſhou'd harbour
there.
No! 'tis the ſad ſurvey of preſent want,
And paſt profuſion! Loſt to him the ſweets
Of yon pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm
For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expenſe! Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
How gladſome once he rang'd your native turf,
Your ſimple ſcenes, how raptur'd! ere expenſe

Had

Had laviſh'd thouſand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and beauty to diſpleaſe.
Oh! for a ſoul to all the glare of wealth,
To fortune's wide exhauſtleſs treaſury,
Nobly ſuperiour! but let caution guide
The coy diſpoſal of the wealth we ſcorn,
And prudence be our almoner! Alas!
The pilgrim wand'ring o'er ſome diſtant clime,
Sworn foe of av'rice! not diſdains to learn
Its coin's imputed worth; the deſtin'd means
To ſmooth his paſſage to the favour'd ſhrine.
Ah let not us, who tread this ſtranger-world,
Let none who ſojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is merc'nary; nor waſte
His fare, ere landed on no venal ſhore.
Let never bard conſult PALLADIO's rules;
Let never bard, O BURLINGTON! ſurvey
Thy learned art, in CHISWICK's dome diſplay'd;
Dang'rous incentive! nor with ling'ring eye
Survey the window VENICE calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful muſe,
To ſing a requiem to that gentle ſoul
Who plann'd the ſky-light, which to laviſh bards
Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.
For garrets him, and ſqualid walls await,
Unleſs, preſageful, from this friendly ſtrain,
He glean advice, and ſhun the ſcribbler's doom.

PART THE THIRD.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling muſe conſigns thee. Ere contempt,
Or want's empoiſon'd arrow, ridicule,
Tranſfix thy weak unguarded breaſt, behold!
The poet's roofs, the careleſs poet's, his
Who ſcorns advice, ſhall cloſe my ſerious lay.
When GULLIVER, now great, now little deem'd,
The play-thing of compariſon, arriv'd
Where learned boſoms their aereal ſchemes
Projected, ſtudious of the public weal;
Mid theſe, one ſubtler artiſt he deſcry'd,
Who cheriſh'd in his duſty tenement
The ſpider's web, injurious, to ſupplant
Fair ALBION's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarch on ſuch fatal purpoſe ſmile,
And irritate MINERVA's beggar'd ſons,
The MELKSHAM weavers! Here in every nook
Their wefts they ſpun; here revell'd uncontrol'd,
And, like the flags from WESTMINSTER's high roof
Dependent, here their flutt'ring textures wav'd.
Such, ſo adorn'd, the cell I mean to ſing!
Cell ever ſqualid! where the ſneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
That comes to all! o'er whoſe quieſcent walls
ARACHNE's unmoleſted care has drawn
Curtains ſubfuſk, and ſave th' expenſe of art.
Survey thoſe walls, in fady texture clad,
Where wand'ring ſnails in many a ſlimy path,
Free,

Free, unreſtrain'd, their various journeys crawl;
Peregrinations ſtrange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! ſuch the clue
Of Cretan ARIADNE ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Mean time, thus ſilver'd with meanders gay
In mimic pride the ſnail-wrought tiſſue ſhines,
Perchance of tabby, or of aretine,
Not ill expreſſive! ſuch the pow'r of ſnails!
Behold his chair, whoſe fractur'd ſeat infirm
An aged cuſhion hides! replete with duſt
The foliag'd velvet; pleaſing to the eye
Of great ELIZA's reign, but now the ſnare
Of weary gueſt, that on the ſpacious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! diſaſtrous wight!
In evil hour and raſhly doſt thou truſt
The fraudful couch! for tho' in velvet cas'd,
Thy fated thighs ſhall kiſs the duſty floor.
The trav'ler thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath ſhap'd his way, on beds profuſe of flow'rs,
Cowſlip, or primroſe, or the circ'lar eye
Of daiſie fair, decrees to baſk ſupine.
And ſee! delighted, down he drops, ſecure
Of ſweet refreſhment, eaſe without annoy,
Or luſcious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,
Much ſuff'ring pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap,
Nor ſweet repoſe ſhalt find; the falſe moraſs
In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulf inclos'd!
And who would truſt appearance? caſt thine eye
Where 'mid machines of het'rogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,

Eldeſt

Eldeſt of things! and naplefs, as an heath
Of ſmall extent by fleecy myraids graz'd.
Not diff'rent have I ſeen in dreary vault
Diſplay'd, a coffin; on each fable ſide
The texture unmoleſted ſeems entire.
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to duſt away!
And leaves the wond'ring ſwain to gape, to ſtare,
And with expreſſive ſhrug, and piteous ſigh,
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.
This aged veſture, ſcorn of gazing beaus,
And formal cits, (themſelves too haply ſcorn'd),
Both on its ſleeve and on its ſkirt, retains
Full many a pin wide-ſparkling: for, if e'er
Their well-known creſt met his delighted eye,
Tho' wrapt in thought, commencing with the ſky,
He, gently ſtooping, ſcorn'd not to upraiſe,
And on each ſleeve, as conſcious of their uſe,
Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with theſe,
The cure of rents and ſeparations dire,
And chaſms enormous, did he view diſmay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, buſh, portending fate
To breeches, coat, and hoſe! had any wight
Of vulgar ſkill, the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a ſonnet quaint
Of SILVIA's ſhoe-ſtring, or of CLOE's fan,
Or ſweetly-faſhion'd tip of CELIA's ear.
Alas! by frequent uſe decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the tailor's art, deudes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!
See near his bed (his bed too falſely call'd

The

The place of reſt, while it a bard ſuſtains;
Pale, meagre, muſe-rid wight! who reads in vain
Narcotic volumes o'er) his candleſtick,
Radiant machine, when from the plaſtic hand
Of MULCIBER, the may'r of BIRMINGHAM,
The engine iſſu'd; now alas diſguis'd
By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down
Its ſides congeal; what he, perhaps, eſſays
With humour forc'd, and ill-diſſembled ſmile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk,
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleaſing fold, incruſts the tree.
Or ſuits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of froſt
Pervaſive, radiant icicles depend?
How ſhall I ſing the various ill that waits
The careful ſonneteer? or who can paint
The ſhifts enormous, that in vain he forms
To patch his paneleſs window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill retentive vaſe?
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeſeen
Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends deſign'd,
Allow one part to decorate his ſong.
While Ridicule, with ever-pointing hand
Conſcious of ev'ry ſhift, of ev'ry ſhift
Indicative, his inmoſt plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his ſtudy deems
Pompous

Pompous and vain! for thus he might eſteem
His cheſt, a wardrobe; purſe, a treaſury;
And ſhews, to crown her full diſplay, himſelf.
One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health,
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or ſcrip, or ſtaff,
Cup, diſh, ſpoon, plate, or worldly utenſil,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And wiſh the cobler's loftieſt ſite his own;
Nor, partial as they ſeem, upbraid the fates,
Who to the humbler mechaniſm, join'd
Goods ſo ſuperiour, ſuch exalted bliſs!
See with what ſeeming eaſe, what labour'd peace
He, hapleſs hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amuſement! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
That care-defying ſonnet, which implies
His debts diſcharg'd, and he of half a crown
In full poſſeſſion, unconteſted right
And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if ſuch there be, diſtruſt
The vain pretence; the ſmiles that harbour grief,
As lurks the ſerpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demoliſh; chuſe the truſtier flail,
And bleſs thoſe labours which the choice inſpir'd.
But if thou view'ſt a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common ſenſe, who ſeeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breaſt,
Preſcient of future dignities, ſalute
Sheriff, or may'r, in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, ſecure: nor yet the laureat's crown

In

In thought exclude him! He perchance ſhall riſe
To nobler heights than foreſight can decree.
When fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues diſplay'd
In many an idle ſong, Saturnian JOVE
Vow'd ſure deſtruction to the tuneful race;
Appeas'd by ſuppliant PHOEBUS, "Bards," he ſaid
"Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine,

The

The RUINED ABBEY;

OR,

The EFFECTS of SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair peace with olive crown'd regains
Her lawful throne, and to the ſacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted muſe returns.
Happy the bard, who from his native hills,
Soft-muſing on a ſummer's eve, ſurveys
His azure ſtream, with penſile woods inclos'd!
Or o'er the glaſſy ſurface, with his friend,
Or faithful fair, thro' bord'ring willows green
Wafts his ſmall frigate. Fearleſs he of ſhouts,
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the wat'ry crew
That ape confuſion from the realms they rule!
Fearleſs of theſe; who ſhares the gentler voice
Of peace and muſic; birds of ſweeteſt ſong
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the foreſt; birds of brighter plume
With buſy pinion ſkim the glitt'ring wave,
And tempt the ſun; ambitious to diſplay
Their ſeveral merits, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verſe, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the ſcene.
If ſolitude his wand'ring ſteps invite

To

To ſome more deep receſs, (for hours there are,
When gay, when ſocial minds to friendſhip's voice,
Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer);
How pleas'd he treads her venerable ſhades,
Her ſolemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
Around emboſom'd, how it ſooths the ſoul?
If ſcoop'd at firſt by ſuperſtitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the ſhoals
Of bigot-minds, religion dwells not here,
Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:
Yet here may Wiſdom, as ſhe walks the maze,
Some ſerious truths collect, the rules of life,
And ſerious truths of mightier weight than gold!
I aſk not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles; in early life,
Ere indolence impede the ſearch, explor'd.
Then like old LATIMER, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling ſchools attack
My grounded hope, or ſubtler wits deride,
Will I not bluſh to ſhun the vain debate,
And this mine anſwer, "Thus, 'twas thus I thought.
" My mind yet vigorous, and my ſoul entire;
" Thus will I think, averſe to liſten more
" To intricate diſcuſſion, prone to ſtray.
" Perhaps my reaſon may but ill defend
" My ſettled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
" Too ſure its own infirmities declare.
" But I am arm'd by caution, ſtudious youth,
" And early foreſight; now the winds may riſe,
" The tempeſt whiſtle, and the billows roar;
" My pinnace rides in port, deſpoil'd and worn,

" Shatter'd by time and ſtorms, but while it ſhuns
" Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
" Sees the ſtrong veſſel fluctuate leſs ſecure."

Thus while he ſtrays, a thouſand rural ſcenes
Suggeſt inſtruction, and inſtructing pleaſe.
And ſee, betwixt the grove's extended arms,
An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
Gilt by the mid-day ſun: with ling'ring ſtep
Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to deſtroy
Tree, branch, or ſhade, for never ſhall thy breaſt
Too long deliberate), with timorous hand
Remove th' obſtructive bough; nor yet refuſe,
Tho' ſighing to deſtroy that fav'rite pine,
Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
Of beauty fair, that ſcreens the vaſt remains.
Aggriev'd, but conſtant as the Roman ſire,
The rigid MANLIUS, when his conq'ring ſon
Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
Of virtuous ardour, timeleſsly diſplay'd;
Nor ceaſe till, thro' the gloomy road, the pile
Gleam unobſtructed; thither oft thine eye
Shall ſweetly wander; thence returning, ſooth
With penſive ſcenes thy philoſophic mind.

Theſe were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
O Superſtition! hence the dire diſeaſe
(Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian peſt
Were a ſhort head-ach, were the trivial pain
Of tranſient indigeſtion) ſeiz'd mankind.

Long time ſhe rag'd, and ſcarce a ſouthern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
Of tyrant ROME; but futile all, till ſhe,

ROME's

ROME's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r,
And in a thouſand horrid forms attir'd.
Where then was truth, to ſanctify the page
Of Britiſh annals? if a foe expir'd,
The perjur'd monk ſuborn'd infernal ſhrieks,
And fiends to ſnatch at the departing ſoul
With helliſh emulation. If a friend,
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the ſkies.
What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?
The ſovereign's juſt, the ſubjects loyal pact
To cheriſh mutual good, annull'd and vain,
By Roman magic, grew an idle ſcroll,
Ere the frail ſanction of the wax was cold.
With thee, * PLANTAGENET, from civil broils
The land a while reſpir'd, and all was peace.
Then BECKET roſe, and impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawleſs fury march'd
The church's blood-ſtain'd convicts, and forgave;
Bid murd'rous prieſts the ſov'reign frown contemn,
And with unhallow'd † croſier bruis'd the crown.
Yet yielded not ſupinely tame a prince
Of HENRY's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wiſe,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal ſoul
Firm and erect the peeviſh prieſt exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengeful ROME.
In vain! let one faint malady diffuſe
The penſive gloom which Superſtition loves,
And ſee him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey, while the prieſt aſcends!

* HENRY II. † RICHARD I.

Was COEUR-DE-LION bleſs'd with whiter days?
Hear the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urge the cruſade; and ſee, of half his ſtores
Deſpoil'd the wretch, whoſe wiſer boſom choſe
To bleſs his friends, his race, his native land.
Of ten fair ſuns that roll'd their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne:
While haughty * LONGCHAMP, 'mid his liv'ry'd files
Of wanton vaſſals, ſpoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
A laurel harveſt for a pillag'd land.
Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deſerts
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren ſprays!
When faithleſs JOHN uſurp'd the fully'd crown,
What ample tyranny! the groaning land
Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n its foe! ſix tedious years
Our helpleſs fathers in deſpair obey'd
The papal interdict; and who obey'd,
The ſovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
Of papal reſcript, claim'd BRITANNIA's throne,
And durſt invade; be ſuch inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!
Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
ROME's loud anathema, but heartleſs, dead
To ev'ry purpoſe, men nor wiſh'd to live,
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curſe, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.

* Biſhop of ELY, Lord Chancellor.

Thence

Thence journeying home, in ev'ry cloud he ſees
A vengeful angel, in whoſe waving ſcroll
He reads damnation; ſees its ſable train
Of grim attendants, pencil'd by deſpair!
The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful ſteps arriv'd; his home, his friends,
His offspring left, to laviſh on the ſhrine
Of ſome far-honour'd ſaint his coſtly ſtores,
Inverts his footſtep; ſickens at the ſight
Of the barr'd fane, and ſilent ſheds his tear.
The wretch whoſe hope by ſtern oppreſſion chas'd
From ev'ry earthly bliſs, ſtill as it ſaw
Triumphant wrong, took wing and flew to heav'n,
And reſted there, now mourn'd his refuge loſt
And wonted peace. The ſacred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To ſupplicate remiſſion, ſmok'd no more;
While the green weed, luxuriant round uproſe.
Some from their death-bed, whoſe delirious faith
Thro' ev'ry ſtage of life to ROME's decrees
Obſequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
Now ſaw the ghaſtly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrours; now expiring heard
The laſt loud clarion ſound, and heav'n's decree
With unremitting vengeance bar the ſkies.
Nor light the grief, by ſuperſtition weigh'd,
That their diſhonour'd corſe, ſhut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Muſt ſleep with brutes their vaſſals, on the field;
Unneath ſome path, in marle unexorciſed!
No ſolemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!

No tongue of prieſt pronounce their ſoul ſecure!
Nor fondeſt friend aſſure their peace obtain'd!
The prieſt! alas ſo boundleſs was the ill!
He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;
The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,
And his big paunch, diſtended with the ſpoils
Of half his flock; emaciate, groan'd beneath
Superiour pride, and mightier luſt of pow'r!
'Twas now ROME's fondeſt friend, whoſe meagre hand
Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
With nice preciſion, felt the deeper wound
As his gull'd ſoul rever'd the conclave more.
Whom did the ruin ſpare? for wealth, for pow'r,
Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpleſs in the dreary gulf involv'd;
And one capricious curſe envelop'd all!
Were kings ſecure? in tow'ring ſtations born,
In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to ſcorn mankind,
Or view diminiſh'd from their ſite ſublime;
As when a ſhepherd, from the lofty brow
Of ſome proud cliff ſurveys his leſs'ning flock
In ſnowy groups diffuſive, ſtud the vale.
A while the furious menace JOHN return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too ſoon
Allegiance ſick'ning ſaw its ſov'reign yield,
An angry prey to ſcruples not his own.
The loyal ſoldier, girt around with ſtrength,
Who ſtole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And ſeiz'd the fauchion, reſolute to guard
His ſovereign's right, impalſy'd at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his ſoul revers'd

For

For foul deſertion; drops the lifted ſteel,
And quits fame's noble harveſt, to expire
The death of monks, of ſurfeit and of ſloth!
At length fatigu'd with wrongs, the ſervile king
Drain'd from his land its ſmall remaining ſtores
To buy remiſſion. But could theſe obtain?
No! reſolute in wrongs the prieſt obdur'd;
Till crawling baſe to ROME's deputed ſlave
His fame, his people, and his crown he gave.
Mean monarch! ſlighted, brav'd, abhorr'd before!
And now, appeas'd by delegated ſway,
The wily pontiff ſcorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the ſacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obſequious tribes
Of ſatraps! princes! crawling to the ſhrine
Of ſainted villany! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
Of incenſe wreath'd, amidſt a drooping land
That ſigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
Diſplays its verdant leaf, its crimſon flow'r,
And ſheds its odours; while the flocks around
Hungry and faint the barren ſands explore
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the ſoil;
Drain'd and exhauſt to ſwell its thirſty pores,
And furniſh luxury—Yet, yet in vain
BRITANNIA ſtrove; and whether artful ROME
Careſs'd or curs'd her, Superſtition rag'd,
And blinded, fetter'd, and deſpoil'd the land.
At length ſome murd'rous monk, with pois'nous art
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor

Nor yet surceas'd with JOHN's disastrous fate
Pontific fury! English wealth exhaust,
The sequent reign * beheld the beggar'd shore
Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd
To lend for griping unexampled hire,
To lend—what ROME might pillage uncontrol'd.
For now with more extensive havock rag'd
Relentless GREG'RY, with a thousand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor shall the muse repeat, how oft he blew
The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold
Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
Swell the gros hoards of HENRY, or his own.
Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal
The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie
Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd.
Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
From ALBION's realm to servile shores convey'd,
Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!
Oh irksome days! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft, to gull their native land!
Such was our fate, while ROME's director taught
Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
For av'rice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmost EREBUS!—Such HENRY's reign!
Urging his loyal realms reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful sword, by JOHN erewhile
Forc'd from its scabbard; and with burnish'd lance
Essay the savage cure, domestic war!

* Henry III. who cancell'd the Magna Charta.

And

And now ſome nobler ſpirits chas'd the miſt
Of general darkneſs. GROSTED * now adorn'd
The mitred wreath he wore, with reaſon's ſword
Stagg'ring deluſion's frauds; at length beneath
ROME's interdict expiring calm, reſign'd
No vulgar ſoul that dar'd to heav'n appeal!
But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain
Had well nigh ceded to the ſlothful hands
Of monks libidinous; ere EDWARD's care
The laviſh hand of death-bed fear reſtrain'd,
Yet was he clear of ſuperſtition's taint?
He too, miſdeemful of his wholeſome law,
Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treaſur'd gold
To fatten monks on SALEM's diſtant ſoil!

Yes, the third EDWARD's breaſt, to papal ſway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cauſe,
Cou'd ſuperſtition quell! before the tow'rs
Of haggard PARIS, at the thunder's voice
He drops the ſword, and ſigns ignoble peace!

But ſtill the night by Romiſh art diffus'd
Collects her clouds, and with ſlow pace recedes.
When by ſoft BOURDEAU's braver queen approv'd,
Bold WICKLIFF roſe: and while the bigot pow'r
Amidſt her native darkneſs ſculk'd ſecure,
The demon vaniſh'd as he ſpread the day.
So from his boſom CACUS breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of ſmoke
Secure a while his recreant life ſuſtain'd;
Till fam'd ALCIDES, o'er his ſubtleſt wiles
Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail honour'd WICKLIFF! enterpriſing ſage!

* Biſhop of LINCOLN, called Malleus Romanorum.

An Epicurus in the cauſe of truth!
For 'tis not radiant ſuns, the jovial hours
Of youthful ſpring, an ether all ſerene,
Nor all the verdure of CAMPANIA's vales,
Can chaſe religious gloom! 'Tis reaſon, thought,
The light, the radiance that pervades the ſoul,
And ſheds its beams on heav'n's myſterious way!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Errour prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd
Let looſe the rage of bigots on their foes,
And ſeek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindeſt prince
The moſt extended breaſt, the royal HAL!
All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry
Burſt from the centre of remorſeleſs flames;
Their ſhrieks endur'd! Oh ſtain to martial praiſe!
When COBHAM, gen'rous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, paid the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the ſtorms were laid!
'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flouriſh'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff ſaw BRITANNIA's golden fleece,
Once all his own, inveſt her worthier ſons!
Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful ſway!
Eſſay'd his utmoſt art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.
So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The firſt fair pattern of the female frame,
All nature's beauties in one form diſplay'd,
And cent'ring there, in wild amaze he ſtood;
Then only envying heav'n's creative hand:

Wiſh'd

Wiſh'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry ſnare.
And vain were reaſon, courage, learning, all,
Till pow'r accede: till TUDOR's wild caprice
Smile on their cauſe; TUDOR, whoſe tyrant reign
With mental freedom crown'd, the beſt of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then from its tow'ring height with horrid ſound
Ruſh'd the proud abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, diſclos'd the wanton ſcene
Of monkiſh chaſtity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded ſtrumpet, mutt'ring low
An ineffectual curſe. The pervious nooks
That, ages paſt, convey'd the guileful prieſt
To play ſome image on the gaping croud,
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expoſe
Obvious, the fraudful engin'ry of ROME.
As tho' this op'ning earth to nether realms
Shou'd flaſh meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abaſh'd to find their cheats diſplay'd;
And conſcious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, reſign'd their fair domain.
Nor yet ſupine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The peſt gigantic; whoſe revengeful ſtroke
Ting'd the red annals of MARIA's reign.
When from the tendereſt breaſt, each wayward
prieſt
Cou'd baniſh mercy, and implant a fiend!
When cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd,
And bound religion there, and fir'd the baſe!
When the ſame blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face
Triumphant

Triumphant faith appear'd, and ſmiling hope.
O bleſs'd ELIZA! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of ROME;
Driv'n to the verge of ALBION, linger'd there,
Then with her JAMES receding, caſt behind
One angry frown, and ſought more ſervile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continu'd taſk
Of righteous havock, cov'ring diſtant fields
With the wrought remnants of the ſhatter'd pile.
Then WOLSEY roſe, by nature form'd to ſeek
Ambition's trophies, by addreſs to win,
By temper to enjoy—whoſe humbler birth
Taught the gay ſcenes of pomp to dazzle more.
While thro' the land the muſing pilgrim ſees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midſt
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd;
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of uſe to grace a rural ſcene;
To bound our viſtas, and to glad the ſons
Of GEORGE's reign, reſerv'd for fairer times!

LOVE

LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum ſilvæ, ditiſſima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
Laudibus Angligenum certent: non Bactra, nec
Indi,
Totaque turriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

LET the green olive glad Heſperian ſhores;
Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,
Theſe let Iberia boaſt; but if in vain,
To win the ſtranger plant's diffuſive ſmile,
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our conſtant boſoms, theſe the dazzled world
May view with envy; theſe Iberian dames
Survey with fix'd eſteem and fond deſire.
Hapleſs ELVIRA! thy diſaſtrous fate
May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
The Britiſh lyre; then chiefly, if the muſe,
Nor vain nor partial, from the ſimple guiſe
Of ancient record catch the penſive lay;
And in leſs groveling accents give to fame.
ELVIRA! lovelieſt maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boaſt no purer breaſt, no ſprightlier mind,
No race more ſplendent, and no form ſo fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerleſs maid
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the ſpoil
Of Britiſh victors, vict'ry's nobleſt pride!
She, ſhe alone, amid the wailful train,
Of captive maids, aſſign'd to HENRY's care;

Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!
He, gen'rous youth, with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more,
Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
That beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!
Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himself had worn: the frowns of angry seas,
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
Than storm or foe: if haply she might find
Her cares diminish'd; fruitless fond essay!
Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe
The tender lute he gave: she not averse
Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt
Of gratitude, she said; whose just commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!
Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious, as the strain
Of some imprison'd lark, who daily cheer'd
By guardian cares, repays them with a song:
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.
The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint
Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws
Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair
Lov'd only one; nor dar'd their love reveal!
How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
The damask rose full-blown; a fever came,
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.

Then,

Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly sought her; torn by swifter fate
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade.
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.
Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing talk,
She taught her artful needle to display
The various pride of spring: then swift unsprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
A train of busy loves; some pluck the flow'r,
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
Around a vacant warriour cast the wreath.
'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes
The warriour's face depictur'd HENRY's mien.
Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd
The royal scroll, which to their native home,
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
To glad his fair ELVIRA's ear, he sprung;
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r!
Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,
"Well may my native shore," she said, "resound
"Thy monarch's praise; and ere ELVIRA prove
"Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel
"The soft'ring breeze, and nature change her
"laws."
And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The British host. Around the smiling youths

Call'd to their native ſcenes, with willing haſte
Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love
That weds each boſom to its native ſoil.
The patriot paſſion! ſtrong in ev'ry clime,
How juſtly theirs, who find no foreign ſweets
To diſſipate their loves, or match their own.
Not ſo ELVIRA! ſhe, diſaſtrous maid,
Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chance cou'd looſe
The ſubtle bands; ſhe lov'd her gen'rous foe.
She, where her HENRY dwelt, her HENRY ſmil'd,
Could term her native ſhore; her native ſhore
By him deſerted, ſome unfriendly ſtrand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a deſert waſte and wild.
The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The ſwelling ſails, the glitt'ring tranſports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyons azure wing
With flight auſpicious ſkimm'd the placid main.
On her lone couch in tears ELVIRA lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting ſea,
And wiſh'd a ſtorm as mercileſs, as tore
Her lab'ring boſom. Fondly now ſhe ſtrove
To baniſh paſſion; now the vaſſal days,
The captive moments that ſo ſmoothly paſt,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the fav'rite ſounds
Which HENRY deign'd to praiſe; and now eſſay'd
With mimic chains of ſilken fillets wove
To paint her captive ſtate; if any fraud
Might to her love the pleaſing ſcenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feaſt the ſoul.
But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch
On ocean's willing breaſt, and bid adieu
To his fair priſ'ner. She, ſoon as ſhe heard

His

His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame; but with a ſpreading bluſh,
And riſing ſigh, the latent pang diſclos'd.
" Yes, gen'rous youth! I ſee thy boſom glow
With virtuous tranſport, that the taſk is thine
To ſolve my chains; and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, reſtore
A ſoft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceleſs prey!
But know, my ſoldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the laviſh joys of wild expenſe
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languiſh out his bloom, could match the pains
This ill-ſtarr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.
What call I freedom? is it that theſe limbs
From rigid bolts ſecure, may wander far
From him I love? Alas, ere I may boaſt
That ſacred bleſſing, ſome ſuperiour pow'r
To mortal kings, to ſublunary thrones,
Muſt looſe my paſſion, muſt unchain my ſoul.
Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath!
But moſt the joyleſs privilege to gaze
With cold indifference, where deſert is love.
True, I was born an alien to thoſe eyes
I aſk alone to pleaſe; my fortune's crime!
And ah! this flatter'd form, by dreſs endear'd
To Spaniſh eyes, by dreſs may thine offend.
Whilſt I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to ſtrive
With cuſtom's load, beneath its weight expire.
Yet HENRY's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquiſh me; his form, howe'er diſguis'd,
To me were fatal! no fantaſtic robe
That e'er caprice invented, cuſtom wore,

Or folly ſmil'd on, cou'd eclipſe thy ſway.
Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
Thy country's foe, ELVIRA's warmeſt plea
Seems but the ſubtler accent fraud inſpires;
My tendereſt glances, but the ſpecious flow'rs
That ſhade the viper while ſhe plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breaſt
By ties of grateful duty bound, enſnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no ſofter ſmile
For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heav'n ſearch my ſoul, and if thro' all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile;
Full on my fenceleſs head its phial'd wrath
May fate exhauſt; and for my happieſt hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!
Ah me! nor HENRY's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and reaſon ſoon diſpell'd
Dim errour's gloom, and to thy favour'd iſle
Aſſign'd its total merit, unreſtrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'Twas there my fancy ſaw the virtues dwell,
The loves, the graces play; and bleſs'd the ſoil
That nurtur'd thee! for ſure the virtues form'd
Thy gen'rous breaſt; the loves, the graces plann'd
Thy ſhapely limbs. Relation, birth eſſay'd
Their partial pow'r in vain: again I gaz'd,
And ALBION's iſle appear'd, amidſt a tract
Of ſavage waſtes, the darling of the ſkies!
And thou by nature form'd, by fate aſſign'd
To paint the genius of thy native ſhore.
'Tis true, with flow'rs, with many a dazzling ſcene

Of

Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
IBERIA glows: but ah! the genial sun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flow'r,
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits Jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his flow consuming fires.
Not such thy charming region; long before
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that savage coast, that rude sejourn
Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;
First, best supports of liberty and love!
No, let subjected INDIA, while she throws
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
Long as I heard, or ere in story read
Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast
Wish'd them success, and happiest she, I cry'd,
Of women happiest she, who shares the love,
The fame, the virtues of an English lord.
And now what shall I say? bless'd be the hour
Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores:
Bless'd did I say the time? if I may bless
That lov'd event, let HENRY's smiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won, will HENRY's youth
Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil?
And yet IBERIA's sons, with every vow
Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
And love her just desert, who sues for love;

But

But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.
Perhaps in HENRY's eye (for vulgar minds
Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain
On honest fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not love himself, with all the pointed pains
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
From honour's laws. ELVIRA once deny'd
A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies,
When elements discordant vex the sky,
Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.
Yet if the specious wish the vulgar voice
Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipses me? nor paint the dreary storms
Or hair-breadth scapes that haunt the boundless deep,
And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
When mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conq'ring heroes brave, the female mind,
When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way
Behold not danger, or beholding scorns.
Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love."
She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye:
There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.
"Forgive me, gen'rous maid," the youth return'd,
"If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!

Thy

Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of ſolid bliſs, or happieſt love beſtow.
But ere from native ſhores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance ſhould wait
My warring ſword: if conqueſt, fame, and ſpoil
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glitt'ring treaſure, and the laurel wreath;
Enjoying conqueſt then, and fame and ſpoil.
If fortune frown'd adverſe; and death forbade
The bliſsful union, with my lateſt breath
To dwell on MEDWAY'S and MARIA'S name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my ſoul
No dangers tore; this vow my boſom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the ſpoil enjoy.
Her ſhall I leave, with fair events elate,
Who crown'd mine humbleſt fortune with her love?
Her ſhall I leave, who now perchance alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my ſlow return?
And ſhall that veſſel, whoſe approaching ſails
Shall ſwell her breaſt with ecſtaſies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguiſh to her ſoul?
No! may the deep my villain-corſe devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids diſcloſe,
If thine, ELVIRA, thine, uniting all!
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breaſt
Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies."
"Oh! happy ſhe," rejoin'd the penſive maid,
"Who ſhares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!

And

And be ſhe happy! thy diſtinguiſh'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewell my luckleſs hopes, my flatt'ring dreams
Of rapt'rous days! my guilty ſuit, farewell!
Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random ſhaft
Of cenſure pierce with me th' Iberian dames:
They love with caution, and with happier ſtars.
And oh! by pity mov'd, reſtrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand ELVIRA's flame;
By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;
By hope confirm'd; with artleſs truth reveal'd;
Let, let me ſay, but for one matchleſs maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.

Theſe radiant gems, which burniſh happineſs,
But mock misfortune, to thy fav'rite's hand
With care convey. And well may ſuch adorn
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
The ſource of ev'ry tranſport; but diſgrace
My penſive breaſt, which doom'd to laſting wo,
In thee the ſource of ev'ry bliſs reſign.

And now farewell, thou darling youth! the gem
Of Engliſh merit! peace, content, and joy,
And tender hopes, and young deſires, farewell!
Attend, ye ſmiling train, this gallant mind
Back to his native ſhores; there ſweetly ſmooth
His ev'ning pillow; dance around his groves;
And, where he treads, with vi'lets paint his way.
But leave ELVIRA! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! in the ſacred cells
Of ſome lone cloiſter let me ſhroud my ſhame:
There to the matin bell, obſequious, pour

My

My conſtant oriſons. The wanton loves,
And gay deſires ſhall ſpy the glimm'ring tow'rs,
And wing their flight aloof: but reſt confirm'd,
That never ſhall ELVIRA's tongue conclude
Her ſhorteſt pray'r, ere HENRY's dear ſucceſs
The warmeſt accent of her zeal employ."

Thus ſpoke the weeping fair, whoſe artleſs mind
Impartial ſcorn'd to model her eſteem
By native cuſtoms; dreſs, and face, and air,
And manners, leſs; nor yet reſolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior loves, the ſolemn vow
Giv'n and receiv'd, to ſoft compaſſion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Eſteem could warrant, weary'd heav'n with pray'r
To ſhield that tender breaſt he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloiſter's penſive ſcene
ELVIRA ſhap'd her ſolitary way.

The

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In imitation of SPENSER.

Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, *are his* language, *his* simplicity, *his manner of* description, *and a peculiar* tenderness *of* sentiment *remarkable throughout his works.*

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize!
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In

In ev'ry village mark'd with little ſpire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly ſhed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we ſchool-miſtreſs name;
Who boaſts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven ſore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentleſs dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or talk unconn'd, are ſorely ſhent.

And all in ſight doth riſe a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did ſtow;
Whilom a twig of ſmall regard to ſee,
Tho' now ſo wide its waving branches flow;
And work the ſimple vaſſals mickle wo;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs ſhudder'd, and their pulſe beat low;
And, as they look'd, they found their horrour grew,
And ſhap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I ſeen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeleſs phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of ſport, of ſong, of pleaſure, of repaſt;
They ſtart, they ſtare, they wheel, they look aghaſt:
Sad ſervitude! ſuch comfortleſs annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taſte!
Ne ſuperſtition clog his dance of joy,
Ne viſion empty, vain, his native bliſs deſtroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch ſo green,
On which the tribe their gambols do diſplay;
And at the door impris'ning board is ſeen,
Leſt weakly wights of ſmaller ſize ſhould ſtray;
Eager, perdie, to baſk in ſunny day!
The noiſes intermix'd, which thence reſound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where ſits the dame, diſguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for ſceptre, ſhe does wield
Tway birchen ſprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark diſtruſt, and ſad repentance fill'd;
And ſtedfaſt hate, and ſharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontrol'd, and chaſtiſement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in ſemblance meet pourtray'd,
The childiſh faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: theſe in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or ſky, or main,
Were the ſtern god to give his ſlaves the rein?
And were not ſhe rebellious breaſts to quell,
And were not ſhe her ſtatutes to maintain,
The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A ruſſet ſtole was o'er her ſhoulders thrown ;
A ruſſet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
'Twas ſimple ruſſet, but it was her own ;
'Twas her own country bred the flock ſo fair ;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
And, ſooth to ſay, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe, did term it paſſing rare ;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, ſhe been the greateſt wight on ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
Goody, good-woman, goſſip, n'aunt, forſooth,
Or dame, the ſole additions ſhe did hear ;
Yet theſe ſhe challeng'd, theſe ſhe held right dear :
Ne would eſteem him act as mought behove,
Who ſhould not honour'd eld with theſe revere :
For never title yet ſo mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen ſhe took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the buſy dame ;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her ſchool, begirt with chickens, came ;
Such favour did her paſt deportment claim :
And, if neglect had laviſh'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, ſhe would collect the ſame ;
For well ſhe knew, and quaintly could expound,
What ſin it were to waſte the ſmalleſt crum ſhe found.

Herbs too ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak
That in her garden ſipt the ſilv'ry dew;
Where no vain flower diſclos'd a gawdy ſtreak;
But herbs for uſe, and phyſic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within thoſe borders grew:
The tufted baſil, pun-provoking thyme,
Freſh baum, and mary-gold of cheerful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would ſing, diſdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphraſy may not be left unſung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radiſh, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marj'ram ſweet, in ſhepherd's poſie found;
And lavender, whoſe ſpikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidſt the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume,

And here trim roſmarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintieſt garden of the proudeſt peer;
Ere, driven from its envy'd ſite, it found
A ſacred ſhelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring ſkirts appear.
Oh waſſel days; O cuſtoms meet and well!
Ere this was baniſh'd from its lofty ſphere:
Simplicity then ſought this humble cell,
Nor ever would ſhe more with thane and lordling dwell.

Her-

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned ſuch pſalms as STERNHOLD forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, ſhe to her hearth did cleave;
But in her garden found a ſummer-ſeat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How ISRAEL's ſons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a ſong entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry ſtring,
Up hung their uſeleſs lyres—ſmall heart had they to ſing.

For ſhe was juſt, and friend to virtuous lore,
And paſs'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in thoſe elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by Popiſh rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And ſimple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny ſaints in ſmould'ring flames did burn:
Ah! deareſt Lord, forefend, thilk days ſhould e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem
By the ſharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſovereign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,
The matron ſat; and ſome with rank ſhe grac'd,
(The ſource of childrens and of courtiers pride!)
Redreſs'd affronts, for vile affronts there paſs'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy croud she sways ;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command !
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are ;
To save from finger wet the letters fair :
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St GEORGE's high achievements does declare ;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
As erst the * bard by MULLA's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !
And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

* SPENSER.

O ruthful ſcene! when from a nook obſcure,
His little ſiſter doth his peril ſee:
All playful as ſhe ſat, ſhe grows demure;
She finds full ſoon her wonted ſpirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to ſet him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree),
To her ſad grief that ſwells in either eye,
And wrings her ſo that all for pity ſhe could die.

Nor longer can ſhe now her ſhrieks command;
And hardly ſhe forbears, thro' awful fear,
To ruſhen forth, and, with preſumptuous hand,
To ſtay harſh juſtice in its mid career.
On thee ſhe calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the ſhameful blow!)
She ſees no kind domeſtic viſage near,
And ſoon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a looſe at laſt to unavailing wo.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his diſguiſed face?
The pallid hue that dies his looks amain?
The plenteous ſhow'r that does his cheek diſtain?
When he, in abject wiſe, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of ſweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high ſhe levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling ſtroke proclaim.

The

The other tribe, aghaſt, with ſore diſmay,
Attend, and con their taſks with mickle care:
By turns, aſtony'd, ev'ry twig ſurvey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wiſt, how each the ſame may ſhare;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known cheſt the dame repair;
Whence oft with ſugar'd cates ſhe doth 'em greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly ſweet!

See to their ſeats they hie with merry glee,
And in beſeemly order ſitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench and ſtool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair);
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjuſt beheſt;
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

His face beſprent with liquid cryſtal ſhines,
His blooming face that ſeems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All ſmear'd and fully'd by a vernal ſhow'r.
O the hard boſoms of deſpotic pow'r!

All,

All, all, but ſhe, the author of his ſhame,
All, all, but ſhe, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, ſhall claim,
If ſo I deem aright, tranſcending worth and fame.

Behind ſome door, in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns;
And deems it ſhame, if he to peace inclines;
And many a ſullen look aſcance is ſent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he deſigns;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her haviour paſt reſent.

Ah me! how much I fear leſt pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inſpires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice diſcernment ſee,
Ye quench not too the ſparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the muſes' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;
The firm fix'd breaſt which fit and right requires,
Like VERNON's patriot ſoul; more juſtly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry falſe deceit.

Yet nurs'd with ſkill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now ſagacious foreſight points to ſhow
A little bench of heedleſs biſhops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,

Or

Or bard ſublime, if bard may e'er be ſo,
As MILTON, SHAKESPEAR, names that ne'er
ſhall die!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground ſo low,
Nor weeting how the muſe ſhou'd ſoar on high,
Wiſheth, poor ſtarv'ling elf! his paper-kite may
fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the deſign,
Low lays the houſe which that of cards doth
build,
Shall DENNIS be! if rigid fates incline,
And many an epic to his rage ſhall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, four'd by age, profound he ſhall appear,
As he who now with 'ſdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a ſneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What
ſtuff is here?"

But now DAN PHOEBUS gains the middle ſky,
And liberty unbars her priſon-door;
And like a ruſhing torrent out they fly,
And now the graſſy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boiſt'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thouſand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n ſhield their ſhort-liv'd paſtimes, I im-
plore!
For well may freedom, erſt ſo dearly won,
Appear to Britiſh elf more gladſome than the ſun.

Enjoy,

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your ſportive trade ;
And chaſe gay flies, and cull the faireſt flow'rs,
For when my bones in graſs-green ſods are laid ;
For never may ye taſte more careleſs hours
In knightly caſtles, or in ladies bow'rs.
O vain to ſeek delight in earthly thing !
But moſt in courts where proud ambition tow'rs ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can ſpring
Beneath the pompous dome of Keſar or of king.

See in each ſprite ſome various bent appear !
Theſe rudely carol moſt incondite lay ;
Thoſe ſaunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the ſtranger paſſing on his way ;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
Some to the ſtanding lake their courſes bend,
With pebbles ſmooth at duck and drake to play ;
Thilk to the huxter's ſav'ry cottage tend,
In paſtry kings and queens th' allotted mite to ſpend.

Here, as each ſeaſon yields a different ſtore,
Each ſeaſon's ſtores in order ranged been ;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full ſore th' unmoney'd wight, are ſeen ;
And gooſeb'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;
And here of lovely die, the cath'rine pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :
O may no wight e'er pennyleſs come there,
Leſt ſmit with ardent love he pine with hopeleſs care !

See !

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread ſo white in tempting poſies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aſide;
And muſt be bought, tho' penury betide.
The plum all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each ſeaſon, do thoſe cakes abide,
Whoſe honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's iſle Salopia's praiſes known *.

Admir'd SALOPIA! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in SEVERN's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her ſtriplings brave:
Ah! midſt the reſt, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whoſe art did firſt theſe dulcet cates diſplay!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerleſs o'er her darkling region ſtray;
'Till reaſon's morn ariſe, and light them on their way.

* SHREWSBURY cakes.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

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